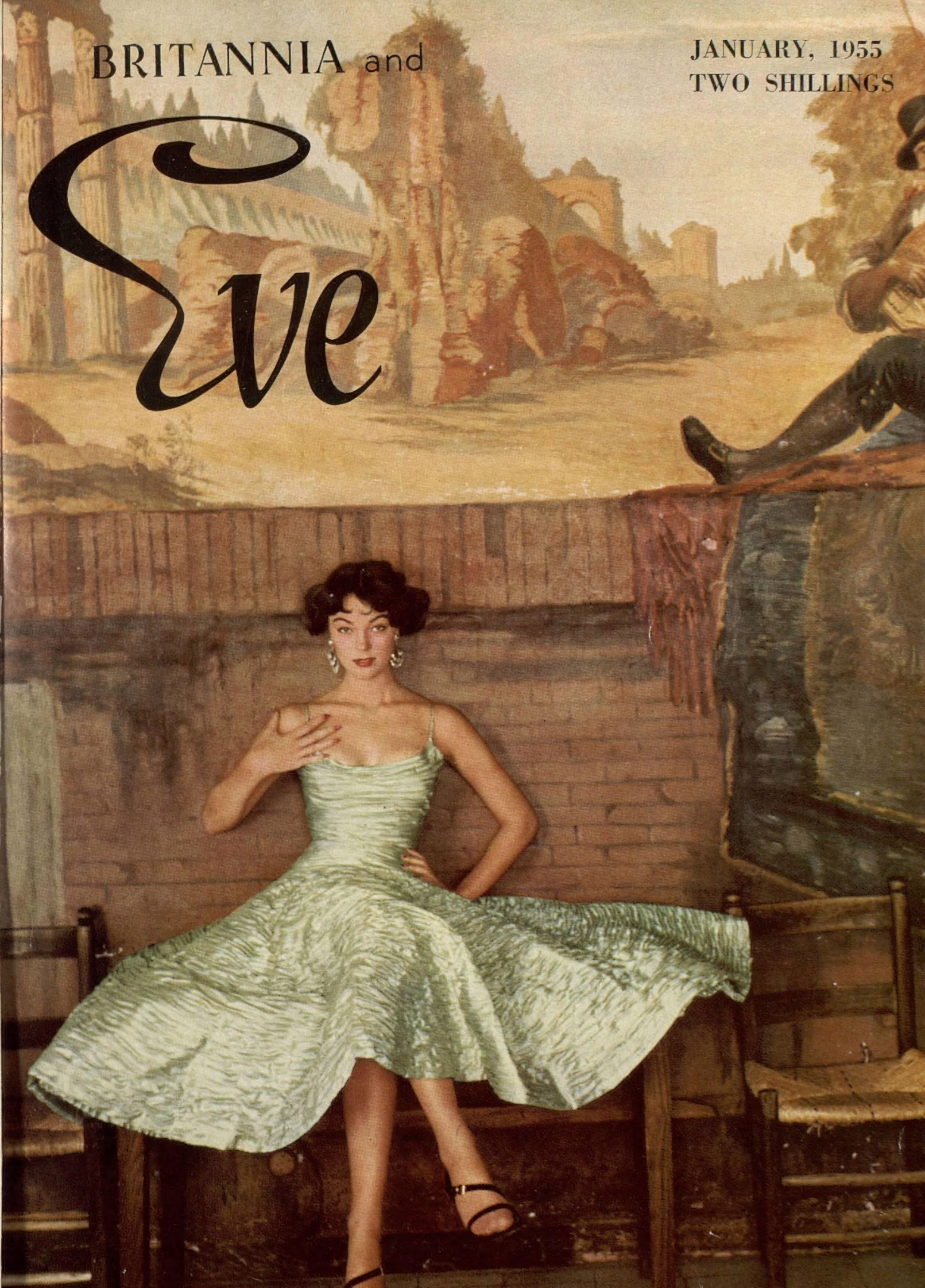
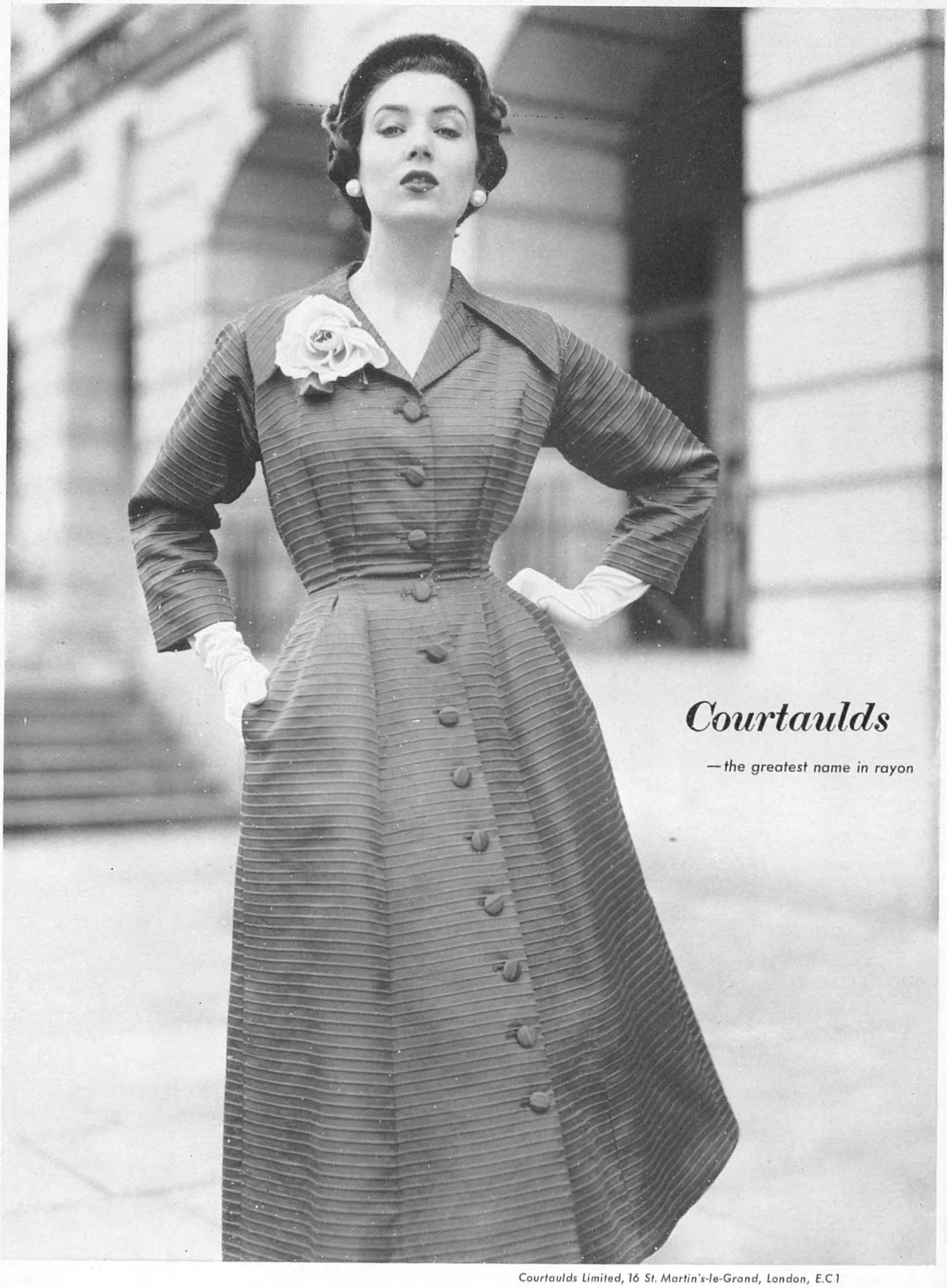
BRITANNIA and Eve

JANUARY, 1955
TWO SHILLINGS





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BRITANNIA and Eve

JANUARY
1955

VOL. 50 NO. 1

35.

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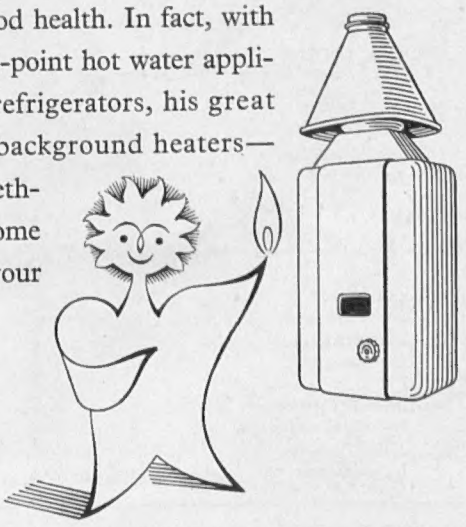

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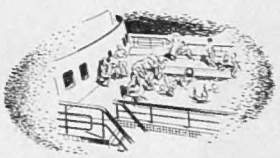

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THE Quilt

By NAOMI ROYDE SMITH

Illustrations by SAWYER

AUNT AGATHA was sitting up in bed finishing the blue silk square for the great patchwork quilt she had worked on ever since I had known her. Every year she adds a fresh row to the border round the star pattern made out of cuttings from the ball gowns her own mother wore when she was a girl. The great pentagonal centre once stretched its five points right up to the border; but that was before Aunt Agatha brought it to spread across her feet when she came to *The Lindens* as a bride.

Since then, week by week, month by month, year by year, Aunt Agatha has added to the border. It is made of little square cushions of different colours fastened together with firm, tiny silk stitches. Now the sapphire-blue row, made from slipper satin to finish the whole quilt off with a stiff, heavy edge, is almost at its last square.

Nobody complains of the waste of new, rich satin cut up into little bags—as they did when Aunt Agatha bought new yellow silk for the fourth row of the border. That was soon after her marriage when people had not grown accustomed to the new bride's ways. It wasn't that there was anything actually wrong with these ways—only that they were not quite the same ways as those of our village.

Aunt Agatha came from a large manufacturing town in the Midlands. She was Uncle Dick's second wife and not really my aunt at all. Uncle Dick himself was no more than an uncle by marriage. His first wife had been my mother's eldest sister. Her twin brother, my Uncle Percy, had never been friends with Uncle Dick. Some brothers—especially twin brothers—are like that. They can't bear their sisters' husbands, just as some fathers don't like their daughters to get married.

IT was Uncle Percy who had insisted on an inquest on his sister. She had died, rather suddenly, while Uncle Dick was away on business. Aunt Marion, who was subject to bilious attacks, was having one when Uncle Dick started: but he had not been at all worried about her because their maid, a steady though rather stupid woman, was quite capable of looking after her mistress for a day or two.

That evening, the servant, having taken a bowl of arrowroot up to Aunt Marion, had gone off to the cinema with the cook from next door, with whom she went for a walk after the pictures. She did not get back until a

What was this quilt, that held the secret of three lives?

quarter to twelve. She looked in at her mistress's room and, hearing no sound. thought she was comfortably asleep. Next morning, Aunt Marion was found dead on the floor.

She had apparently swallowed two-thirds of the arrowroot the servant took up to her : the rest of the mixture had solidified at the bottom of the bowl and, as the post-mortem had revealed, in the poor lady's throat and gullet. The empty carton had been thrown into the dustbin before the servant went out to the pictures, and tea-leaves and potato peelings had fallen on top of it. The carton was extricated from the garbage, but careful analysis showed traces of arrowroot only.

The solid substance in the bowl was identical with the solid mass which had been the cause of death. It resembled a new French porcelain used by some dentists for filling teeth, and was not toxic in nature ; but it became hard when gradually moistened and thereafter was insoluble in any state. Uncle Percy's twin sister had been not so much poisoned as choked by some ingredient mysteriously added to and concealed by the arrowroot.

Uncle Dick did not reach home until two days after his wife's death. She was the only person who knew where he was to be found, day by day, during his absence—and being dead, she could not give his address or addresses. Telephoning to the London hotel where he sometimes stayed produced no solution. He had not been to London this time. He had written twice—once a letter, postmarked Wolverhampton, hoping she had recovered, and a postcard to say he was returning on Thursday afternoon.

WHEN he came home he was horrified at the news of his wife's fatal accident. At first, he tried to blame the servant for carelessness. At the inquest, he identified the body and gave his own negative evidence quite calmly, even in face of the angry statement of Uncle Percy, who tried to make out that his sister had been mortally sick when her callous husband left home without calling the doctor or leaving an address where he could be reached if she grew worse.

Our good Dr. Priestley, who knows all about everyone in the village, explained that Aunt Marion was a bilious subject and was in the habit of dosing herself without troubling him to call on her when she had one of her quite frequent attacks. He said that neither Uncle Dick, nor the servant who had gone out for the evening on the day he left, could be blamed for supposing that bed, a hot-water bottle and a bowl of arrowroot were all the poor lady needed in order to be perfectly well the next day.

What Dr. Priestley could *not* explain, or understand, was how the fatal dose—a large one—of powdered porcelain had got into the arrowroot, or whether it had been introduced, by accident or in ignorance, by the woman who mixed it or, by design, by the victim herself. The most thorough search did not reveal traces of the powder in the house. There was no dentist in the village—most of us went up to London when we had trouble with our teeth ; though a young man who was building up a practice in the county town came once a fortnight and did extractions and temporary repairs in a room at the Crown Hotel.

Called to give evidence on the solid mass at the bottom of the arrowroot bowl, this witness said the stuff resembled

George stood up and shouted "Miss Neville" so firmly that I had to make a separate bow

a very expensive material he did not himself employ for fillings. As it had been mixed with milk, he could not be certain what it actually was, and, in any case, he had neither supplied it to a client nor mixed a quantity of it for his own surgery, because he did not use this stuff.

The jury returned an open verdict. Uncle Percy went about saying that if *he* had been on the jury—which as a relative of the deceased he couldn't be—it would have been a very different tale. People tried to keep him and Uncle Dick apart. They had always avoided one another as much as possible, so it was not very difficult to do this, except council meetings and church socials. Uncle Dick resigned from the local council when it became known that Uncle Percy had offered £1,000 reward to the person who would come forward with evidence to show where and by whom the powdered substance had been obtained.

Uncle Percy, so my mother told me, had been so very unreasonable and violent over the business that people began to side with Uncle Dick, who was quite a kind and pleasant man, though not a native of our village. He had settled here when he married Aunt Marion. The management of one or two small properties, mostly residential, which he had inherited, left him free to travel between them when necessary and to live wherever he chose.

I WAS away at a boarding-school at the time of Aunt Marion's death and was told very little about it beyond the fact that she *had* died and that Uncle Dick and Uncle Percy had quarrelled after the funeral. Then I went to Paris for a year and came home just after Uncle Dick married Aunt Agatha and brought her to live at the house he had bought at the time of his first marriage.

I was sixteen then and given to hero-worship and to siding with the under-dog. Uncle Percy was the richest and most important man in the village, so some people were on his side. He was a churchwarden and the vicar's wife had not been very cordial to Aunt Agatha when it leaked out that she and Uncle Dick had been married before a registrar. My mother, too, felt that, as the deceased wife's sister, she could not very well call on Uncle Dick's second choice.

She wondered a little that he had not moved to some place where the mystery of his first wife's death was not so well known. Mrs. Priestley, the doctor's wife, did call and Aunt Agatha was seen shopping in the village and attending to the pretty garden in which Uncle Dick had always taken so much pride. She was a quiet little woman, well over forty, of whom nobody need be jealous.

Then it was reported that she was making a wonderful quilt: the sort of thing girls in America used to work at during long engagements. People talked a great deal about this quilt: but I was the first person to see it.

As I have said, I was inclined to be quixotic in those days. Hearing Uncle Percy, whom I disliked, speak unkindly about Uncle Dick's new wife had been enough to make me take her side. So one day I cut a basketful of roses from the standards in the garden and went down to the other end of the village to call on Uncle Dick's second wife at *The Lindens*. I thought it better not to tell my mother I was going to do this before I did it.

The roses in Uncle Dick's garden were finer than ours, but I hoped his wife would take the will for the deed—

as she did. She was sitting on the verandah behind the house, with her work-basket on a table beside her and the quilt spread out on her knees. That was six years ago, and she had not quite finished the first border. Half-a-dozen little gold silk bags lay on the table and she was stitching two of them together when I found her. She was prettier and younger-looking near to than she had seemed when I had seen her in church or in the street.

I felt she was pleased I had come: but at the same time, she was not really cordial. A woman of her age could hardly feel shy of a girl of mine, but I was the first member of Aunt Marion's family to call at the house since she had lived there and perhaps she thought it pushing of me to come at all.

However, she showed me the quilt and explained that her invalid sister, who was now dead, had begun it many years ago when she herself expected to be married. She had put it away when her fiancé was killed in France and, later on, had remembered it and had cut up old silk dresses belonging to their mother and sewed them into little soft bags till arthritis crippled her hands.

"I went on with it to please my sister," said she. "And now she is dead and I have a house of my own, I want to finish it before winter comes."

She asked me to come again and I persuaded my mother to call on her. Little by little people got used to the idea that she was Uncle Dick's second wife—though some of them still felt that she was not *quite* of his own class.

Uncle Dick died when they had been married three years. His was an everything-to-my-wife will and people became much kinder to Aunt Agatha now she was quite a rich widow. She did not seem to have any family or friends of her own and there was a sort of understanding that I would inherit her money some day. She never spoke of this to me herself and nobody knew who looked after her affairs.

I went to her house quite often and sometimes she came to tea at ours. Once, when she had a chill, I did some shopping for her. Uncle Dick was still alive then, and when I went up to the bedroom to show her what I had bought, I was surprised to see the quilt spread across her knees—even though the green row of patch-bags was not yet complete.

"Oh, yes," she said, "we always sleep under it."

"Even in summer?" I asked.

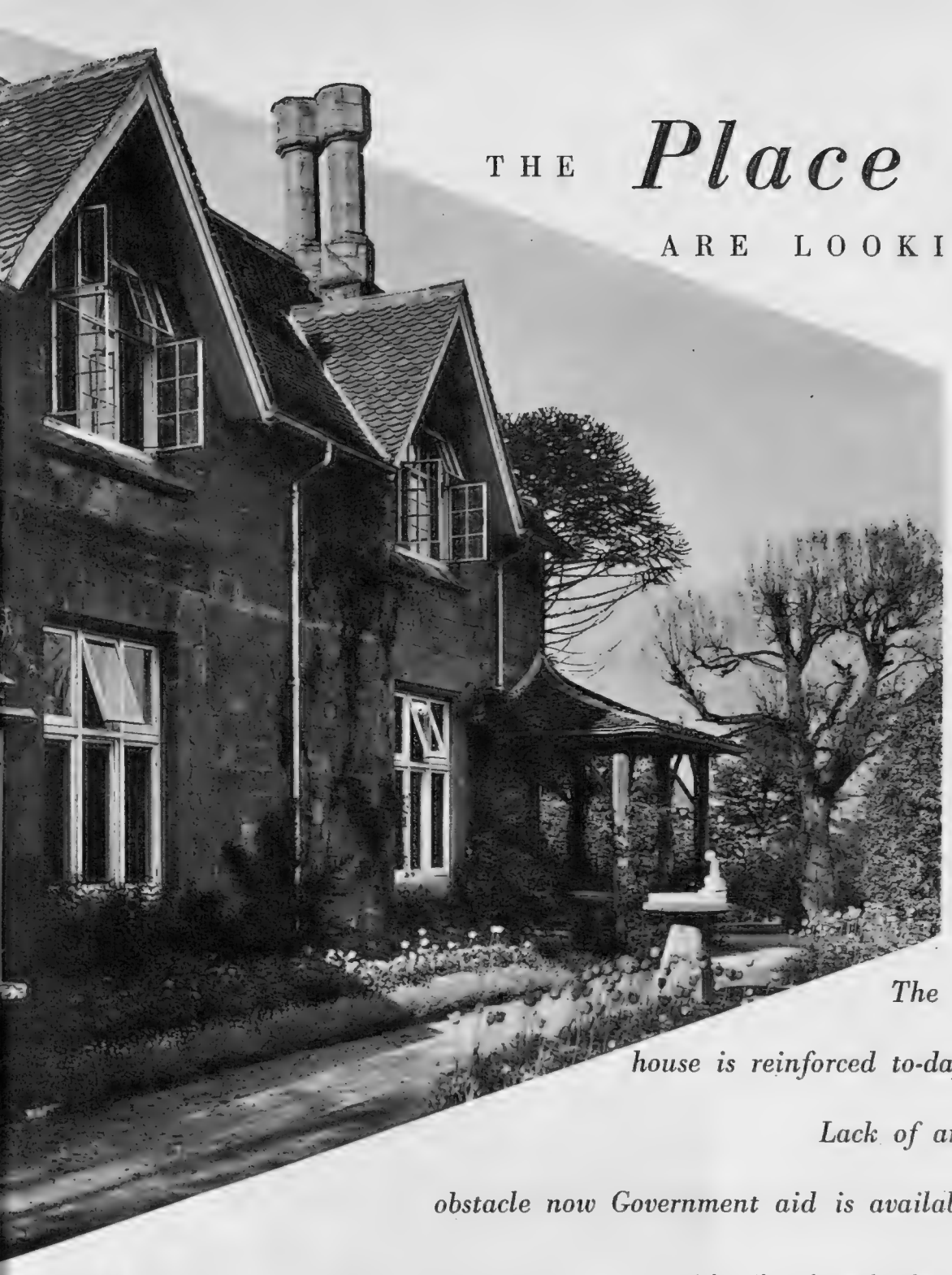
"I take off all the blankets in hot weather," said Aunt Agatha in a rather repressive way.

AUNT AGATHA existed quietly in the background as a widow, taking very little part in village life but contributing to every cause. Her garden kept her busy enough in the daytime and in the evenings she went on working at the quilt. Every fortnight or so I went to supper with her and listened to a broadcast concert or a play, but she would never let me help her with the little squares she made—silk bags with small envelopes turned down at the corners inside them to keep them in shape. She had a box of these small envelopes—new and unused—and once when I was going into town she asked me to match them as it was important to keep all the patches exactly the same size.

By the time the green and red borders were finished, the quilt hung down over the foot of the double bed in which Aunt Agatha still slept. When the blue border was done it would reach to the ground on both sides. Nobody in the village talked about it any longer. I was still interested in it because I had watched its progress for so long.

(Continued on page 56)

Father didn't exactly cut me off with a shilling, but he talked a lot of old-fashioned nonsense about a misalliance



THE *Place* YOU ARE LOOKING FOR

by

E. CARRAN

The appeal of the older house is reinforced to-day by falling prices. Lack of amenities may be no obstacle now Government aid is available for improvement

WHY not buy an old house ?

One without a bathroom, a poky larder, badly-lit rooms, and no hot-water system. If you live in the country, one without any sanitary conveniences.

A strange question and stranger advice ; but the Government want you to. Moreover, they will pay you for so doing.

Many an old house, built from fifty to a hundred years ago, and lacking every convenience and requirement according to modern standards, is a far better built house as regards construction and quality of materials than the most up-to-date housing estate.

It would be a shame to destroy these splendidly-built houses, merely on the score that they do not conform to modern standards of accommodation.

They can be *made* to conform, and the result will be equal to anything the best modern planning can produce, with the advantage of a splendidly-built main structure.

Even if builders of a hundred years ago could not plan, they knew what was what in the choice of materials, and would use only the best.

A word of warning must be inserted here to the effect that the old builders were rather careless as to whether they inserted a damp-proof course or not, although when they did it was excellent.

Now let us think in terms of money.

A newly-built three-bedroomed house will certainly not cost less than £2,000 by the time solicitors' fees, mortgage charges, land and buildings are paid for.

In most provincial towns to-day, good properties (very often of the terrace type, but none the less excellent) can be bought freehold for from £700 to £1,000. There will, of course, be solicitors' and mortgage charges (assuming you are buying your house in this manner), making a total, say, of £1,100 in all.

EVERY type of house qualifies for the Government grant. That a property is very old is no bar to assistance, but the applicant must be the freeholder, or if a leaseholder, there should be a minimum of thirty years unexpired on the lease.

You may now consider what improvements the property requires in order to bring it level with modern conditions.

It is essential before any works are undertaken that application for a grant should first be made to the Local Authority in which the property is situated (Urban or Rural District Council according to locality). Failure to do this may end in the loss of the grant or a refusal of a part of it.

It will more than likely be found that one of the upstairs rooms will be required to be turned into a bathroom, one of the bedroom ceilings raised to give more headroom, the kitchen range pulling out entirely, and a modern range with back boiler and consequent cylinder and heating cupboard installing. Added to this you will (*Continued on page* 61.)

MRS. ELLA GASKING, O.B.E., Britain's top business-woman, took over Batchelor's Peas, a small family business, on the death of her father when she was only 22, from which she retired after 35 years, having made it into a huge national organisation.

To-day, far from being inactive, she is now, as a member of the British Railways Hotels Executive, bringing her great executive powers to bear on the problem of providing better food and service to travellers on the railways of this country.

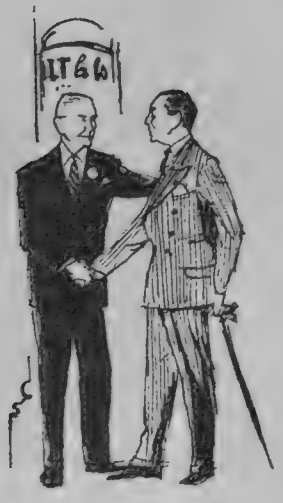
She is tall, slender, beautifully-dressed and full of vitality and warmth. She has a devoted husband who is himself a well-known doctor, and she spends all the time she is not in London in their I.O.W. home.

She also has a farm which she loves almost as well as her race-horses and her golf. With all this she is gay, feminine and warmly human and admits to being terrified of speaking in public.

Men Have Made

. . . . and I have made men! But even though working with men a woman's success in business depends on remaining feminine

Michèle + Ella
ready for anything!
Monte Carlo



Me

By

ELLA GASKING

Right: The business-woman. Left: The sportswoman in a picture taken by famous golfer Henry Cotton in 1953, with the French woman golf champion, Mlle. M. Caillol (now Mme. N. Mahé).

"HOW did you begin and how did you get there?" That is the question all we career women at the top in our particular sphere are asked over and over again. How did I begin? Not by choice. Indeed, to be a business-woman was the last thought in my mind. I wanted to be a teacher, but when, at the age of 22, I was left to look after a family, I had no option but to carry on my father's small business which I worked at for thirty-five years, watching it grow from a little one-man show into a great national organisation.

The lessons I learned during those years of business-building were hard ones. For a woman to climb the industrial ladder is still a hundred times harder than for a man. But I have always been a great builder of men. It is the men who have made me in my business, and I have no hesitation in saying so. Men have made me and I have made the men.

I am no feminist, but I believe we women have to remain women and never forget that we are. We must use our wiles just as much in the board-room as in the ballroom; and there is no doubt about it, men hate a "battle-axe," whether she is at an office desk or on the golf-course. Women can get anything out of men by tactfully concealing the fact that he is giving something. She must never put him at a disadvantage. On the contrary. Women must never let go. There are, comparatively, so few of us that at the top in business one act of foolishness is a let-down for the whole world of business-women. So, to a great extent, we have by our conduct to support each other every second of our lives.

MANY years ago, five big men of the railway company came to my office. I was fighting a very difficult point, and at the end of the meeting it appeared I had lost. This did not disturb me, as I had alternative plans ready. Some months later, I met one of the men present in a railway carriage on a journey. He recalled the meeting and remarked: "I was so surprised that you didn't even cry." This staggered me because I never cry, but it did give me a pointer as to what men expect. However, it had a happy ending—the railway company came back, and I won my point.

People often ask me if I have found great jealousy between women in business. What a foolish question! If there is, I haven't had time to notice it. I've been too busy getting on with the job. In fact, there has never been time to consider whether I was a success, or how I was making out in my career. It never seemed to matter where I was going. I just went on. When I am asked to give the secret of success in (*Continued on page* 65)

HONOR CROOME *finds life in Paris back to pre-war standards, calls it a magic interlude that is a lesson as well as a holiday even if*

IT'S ALL A *BEAUTIFUL DREAM!*

Illustrations by JANE HARVEY

THE sound of curtains being deftly drawn back, the smell of freshly-made coffee, the soft voice enquiring "*Madame* has slept well?" Presently there will be a proper awakening, to the sound of an alarm-clock and the claims of family breakfast, the washing-up, last night's ashes, yesterday's dirt, the week's wash, the round of the shops, potato peelings, herring heads and reality in general. It's all a beautiful dream, of course.

But no. It is neither a beautiful dream nor a kink in time carrying one back to the dear dead days Before the Flood, when the wife of a reasonably successful professional man could take it for granted that someone else would peel her potatoes. This is broad daylight, streaming through those newly-drawn curtains; the daylight of a quite normal morning of 1954—in Paris.

Admittedly, even in Paris things have changed. The pleasant-voiced, deft-fingered maid is likelier to arrive after breakfast than to appear bearing croissants and coffee at eight; one does not take "treasures" for granted; one needs a good deal more prosperity than was required twenty years ago in order to enter the market for "treasures" at all. Even for Paris, one has struck lucky.

Never mind. Here we are, in Paris; not dining at the Tour d'Argent, not patronising the *grandes maisons de couture*, neither rioting in night clubs nor cultivating, except on gala occasions, a taste for vintage wines, travelling by Metro rather than by taxi, eschewing, in fact, the high flights and the bright lights, but living—one recognises the fact with a certain shock—just about as one might have expected to live, given the same initial prospects, hard work and professional achievement, a generation or so ago.

A pleasant flat, with a spare bedroom for visitors. A nice married couple to cook and do housework. Friends to tea, to dinner, to cocktails, when one feels like it. Time to write letters, read, follow a hobby; to relax, think, appreciate. . . . What a long time it seems since such privileges as these were the normal reward of ordinary professional success and thrift! And how wonderful it would be if, instead of a windfall interlude of a year or two, this were, in fact, still the norm; if one could go back . . . to the days when it was not only possible to *buy* a second-hand car cheaply, it was also possible to *run* it cheaply. . . . When rich and poor alike could rent house or flat to taste and income without being faced with the problem of raising £500 in camouflaged "key" money. . . . When the family doctor was guide, counsellor and friend, and not an impersonal voice in a stark surgery shared with a half-dozen others. . . .

Well, yes. I confess to a nostalgia for that vanished middle-class paradise of 1938, '37, '36 and a generation or so back. Just how far would one like to go back?

In some ways Paris gives uncomfortable hints. The back-door of that pleasant modern flat, like most similar backdoors, opens on a squalid, garbage-smelling concrete stairway plunging to the black basement where a warren of unspeakably nasty little cubby-holes, ill-ventilated, peeling, furnished with rickety iron bedsteads and rag-pickers' rejects, houses the tenants' respective "treasures." (*Continued on page* 66.)

"I shall make other occasions to test your courage, m'sieur," she said

Wives I had seen a-plenty—jealous and shrewish—and I vowed I would have none of them . . .

By
A. E. MARTIN

Illustrations by
MITCHELL

Sentimental Journey

BUT for Rinalda I should never have ridden away from the castle. Louis might be king and Richelieu the ruler of France but politics plagued me no whit as I lay abed in the dark hours before dawn and came to a sudden decision. I would sooner my head firm on my shoulders than tumbling, bloody, from the axeman's block.

I was twenty-three and the handsomest man at the old Duke's court and this I had come to count both fortune and misfortune. If glances were flung from inviting eyes I could accept with equanimity; but, when Rinalda smiled upon me, it was another matter for Rinalda was affianced to the old duke's nephew and heir who was even then hurrying from Paris to stand at the deathbed of his uncle. Soon he would be master of a great domain and Rinalda would rule by his side. But, impetuous and wilful, she was in no mood to let a distant alliance interfere with present desire.

She was tall and fair and pampered as a hot-house rose. At our first meeting her bold eyes had sought and held mine and, though it was none of my seeking, ere long she was manoeuvring me into situations as indiscreet as they were dangerous. Once, when she had commanded my presence and had sent away her smirking maid and we were alone, she had twitted me.

"I have heard of your daring in the field, M'sieur Renne, but your courage seems to evaporate within these castle walls. Or am I misjudging?"

Her lips were encouraging, her eyes devouring and I was hard put to it to find words that would not deny chivalry. I was as susceptible as the next man but here was a woman of high estate, promised to another—a woman wholly selfish, bent on satisfying the whim of the moment, and one I believed who would sacrifice me if it suited her need.

I had heard much of the ruthlessness of the man who was to be master when the old duke died and I knew that if I took one step towards Rinalda and stretched my arms I would be drowned in her embrace and forever lost. And so I hesitated and, in a twinkling, the melting loveliness of her eyes turned to the fury of the scorned but, at that instant, saving me, a trumpeter on the higher tower, heralded the approach of a cavalcade. Footsteps came scurrying down the corridor, there was an agitated tapping on the door and the maid's breathless warning.

"Madame . . . madame . . . the Count has returned."

Rinalda flung a calming word at the frightened maid. Her eyes swept me from head to foot and her voice slurred with the faintest mockery. "I shall make other occasions to test your courage, m'sieur." She turned from me and I opened the door and, brushing past the white-faced maid, hurried to take my place and welcome the husband-to-be of the woman who had offered me so much.

Although the duke's hours were closing in, the Count chose to mark his return with a feast in the great hall.

Observing the strong hawk-nose, the square chin, the thin lips and flinty eyes as he usurped the ducal chair, for an instant I felt sorry that Rinalda was to be tied to this man who had nothing to recommend him but authority. Presently he was on his feet, goblet in hand and already a little drunk. He had chosen this unpropitious moment to formally announce the date of his marriage and was asking us to drink to his bride.

And Rinalda? . . . were her eyes drooped in modesty or raised to the man with whom she was to link her life? I cast a swift glance and saw with dismay that they were gazing at me. There was a smile on her lips and, plainly as though she had spoken, I read the meaning of her steadfast glance.

"I may marry this man, my dear, but I shall contrive occasions. . . ."

Perhaps my consternation betrayed me for suddenly I was aware that the hot eyes of the count were boring into me. He had followed Rinalda's gaze and I knew that from that moment I was doomed.

AS, an hour or two later, I tossed on my bed, sleepless with anxiety, a bell tolled suddenly and continued at solemn intervals and I shut my eyes in prayer for the old Duke's soul. Now he was dead and I had none at court to stand my friend. I dressed with haste and made my way to the courtyard below. Here there was a great coming and going with lantern and flambeau and in the confusion I found my horse and rode out and away.

Leaning on my saddle, I turned and looked back at the forbidding towers of the castle and wondered what sort of a wife Rinalda would make the Count. How, in the future when her fickle mind had forgotten me, would she farewell her man as he set off for the wars? How greet him when, back from a foray, he came to her with a wound to be bathed and bound? Imagination balked. Wives were not much in my line. I had seen them a-plenty—long of tongue, shrewish, jealous of their man's wandering eye, careless of his comfort and ever ready, like Rinalda, to betray him. Riding through the October dawn with the poplars still dripping with night dew, I made a vow in my horse's ear.

"Hear my oath, faithful Valor. I swear to you that in the days ahead I will be chained to no woman."

How young I was! How foolish!

ALL day I rode and rode hard but when the dark made the tortuous path difficult, I rested at a small inn. At the hearth the innkeeper, whom I knew for an honest fellow, was fussing over a traveller . . . a gentleman of my build, of handsome appearance and noble mien. The quick thought came that here was one a man of my age might be proud to call father. In a shadowy corner three ill-bred rascals sucked at their mugs of ale, their little pig eyes intent upon me as I introduced myself to the man at the hearth.

I told him naught but my name and he on his part asked no questions. His name, he informed me, was de Veron and in the pleasant conversation which ensued I gathered he had been on a mission which had taken him far afield and was glad to be riding homeward.

"You are married, m'sieur?" he inquired.

"Take this little box," the dying man said, "and place it in my wife's hands"

"Heaven forbid."

He smiled. "Some day you will find the woman."

"I doubt it," I said and added: "If she were the woman I could love, I doubt if I am the man she would deserve."

He pondered that. "When you come face to face with her you will know at once if she is the one with whom you would wish to spend your life. You will look into her eyes and you will know. But beware, my son. Youth is given to dreams and the woman of your ultimate choice may be little like the one of your fancy." He gazed musingly at the burning log, then rose and beckoned the landlord.

"We will drink to the lady you will one day find, M de Renne."

Soon after he excused himself. He had a long and arduous journey ahead and was impatient to be on his way and so would take horse early in the new day. It suited me to be moving betimes for, after the glance of hatred the Count had bestowed upon me at the banquet, I had no doubt that, once the duke's obsequies had been arranged, he would spare no effort to find and drag me back to the castle. I suggested to de Veron that I ride with him and he said he would be glad of my company and with this we parted for the night.

BUT in the quiet of the inn I slept soundly and when I awoke the sun was high. The innkeeper, bustling with my breakfast, informed me that de Veron had long since departed. "I would have felt happier had you ridden with him, m'sieur," he said. "Begging your pardon, I offered to waken you but he would have none of it." He paused and added: "You see, m'sieur, M de Veron is a most amiable gentleman but too trusting for these parts. Men hereabout, from evil desire or necessity, are none too honest and M de Veron, if you will pardon me, was injudicious."

"Indeed?"

"In opening his little box in the presence of others." I guessed he was referring to the rascals who had watched us from the corner. The good fellow went on: "I don't know what he carried in the box, m'sieur, but M de Veron evidently valued the contents highly for he placed it beside him as he ate and from time to time set his hand lovingly upon it. I saw the rogues you doubtless noticed sidle out and gave him a word of warning but he laughed in my face."

It was evident that M de Veron's box had excited the cupidity of the villains who would carry news of it to their fellows in the woods, a ragged crowd with no stomach for steel, hunting in cowardly packs. If I was not speedily to horse and racing after M de Veron he might find the odds grievously against him.

TWO hours passed and though I did not spare my horse I saw no sign of the man I followed. And now the path narrowed as the gloomy trees encroached and sometimes met overhead. I paused at a rivulet to water my horse, eyes and ears alert. Before me was the dark wood, silent and thick with evil, a rare spot indeed for ambuscade.

I rode warily, my sword loosed and happily so for, before I had traversed another league, I caught the ring of steel

upon steel. A shouting arose and uncouth oaths. A horse neighed in terror and I spurred Valor cruelly and presently came upon M de Veron. I surmised he had been attacked in the wood but had fought his way to this small clearing. A ragged giant, with a show of bravado, was crossing swords with him as he sat his horse parrying the rogue's thrusts and, as occasion demanded, making sweeps with his sword to keep at bay the rabble which, armed with cudgels and knives, strove to maim his gallant steed.

HERE were odds indeed! I cried encouragement and then, getting the attention of the ragged horde, looked back over my shoulder and shouted the ducal rallying cry as though a hundred armed men rode close behind me.

"To me, comrades."

Before the ragged horde had time to gather its wits I was galloping at them. My shouts, the thundering hooves of my horse and the sight of my flashing sword disconcerted the knaves and they broke and raced for cover—all but the giant who, in the last moment, lunged savagely. His point took M de. Veron, who was swaying in his saddle as I rode the fellow down. Before the rogue could regain his feet, at a touch of the rein Valor wheeled, at a touch of the spur he reared. I heard his battle neigh and then his iron hooves crashed down on the shrieking giant. There was no more for me to do and I sprang from the saddle to attend de Veron.

"Can you sit your horse, m'sieur?"

He nodded, groaning, and his grey and stricken face told me his wound was deep and dangerous. "If I could only—return to the inn—to write a letter to my wife," he said. He set his teeth as a spasm shook him but when it passed, a smile lighted his handsome face. "To my dear wife," he muttered and it was clear his thoughts were far away.

M de Veron was dying. Did it much matter, I asked myself, whether he died here or at the inn. Now or in an hour? Perhaps he might never reach the inn and so never pen his letter. And what was his wife to me? What price would I pay if a foolish sentiment took me back to the inn where in all likelihood the Count had arrived.

M de Veron's gentle eyes pleaded. "If you could set me on the road, m'sieur. . . ."

I could set him on the road but who would hold him on his horse? As he gripped his saddle bow, his features shot with pain, I made up my reluctant mind. Paris must wait. In any case it was imprudent to stay in the clearing. And so I made the wounded man as comfortable as I could and mounted Valor.

"IS there a greater fool in Christendom?" I asked myself as we made our agonizingly slow journey back to the inn and knew there was none when, at long last and in the failing light that presaged a storm, we reached our destination and there, lolling in the yard surrounded by a dozen toadies, was the man who was to marry Rinalda.

He spoke mockingly for the benefit of his sycophants. "Ah, Monsieur Renne, this is an unexpected pleasure and most fortunate. We had hoped you could be induced to return to the castle. You have a part to play at a funeral." There was a titter at this, but the Count raised

I heard de Veron's voice: "You will look in her eyes and you will know"

a protesting hand. "Pray do not alarm our friend, messieurs. I speak of the ducal burying. Monsieur Renne's funeral is like to be delayed."

I knew what he meant. No quick death would satisfy a man with lips and eyes so cruel who imagined his honour had been impugned by a lesser man. He would thrust me into some foul dungeon and, when the mood took him, visit me to mock my misery.

"You have nothing to say, m'sieur?" he taunted as I dismounted.

"I have a dying man on my hands," I said shortly and, since none offered to assist, beckoned the innkeeper and together we got the fainting de Veron out of the saddle. The Count sauntered over and looked down at the stricken man. He spoke softly. "Do not delay your dying too long, m'sieur. My appointment with your friend is urgent."

If de Veron heard he gave no sign and the innkeeper and I carried him up the rickety stairway and to a rear chamber where we set him on a bed beneath a window already shuttered against the threatened storm. I bade the innkeeper hurry for warm water and bandages and, when he had gone, turned to M de Veron and saw that he was clasping a little box. It was of carved wood and exquisitely wrought with a tiny keyhole set in brass to match the hinges of the lid in the centre of which a stone flung a rainbow of light. The box, I imagined, might well be the repository of other gems more precious.

M de Veron spoke. "My friend. Do not bother with your bathing and bandages. Time is short and you will forgive a dying man an impertinent demand. I beg, m'sieur that this year, this month, this week perhaps, in the goodness of your heart, you will take this little box and place it in the hands of my wife." He winced with the pain of his wound and then, as though I had agreed to his request, began a faltering but precise description of the road I must follow. It had been in my mind to ride northward and his home was far to the south. But, north or south, what did it matter? My destination was a castle dungeon.

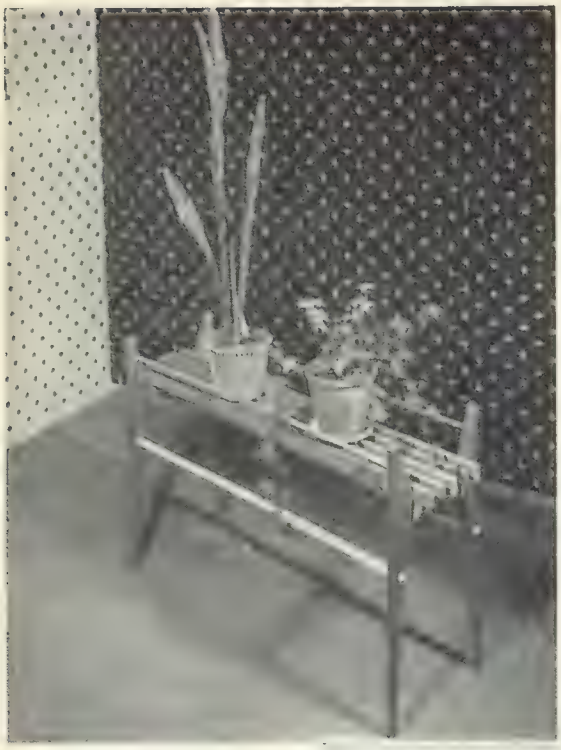
NOW there was thunder and rain spattered on the shutters. M de Veron opened his eyes and held the little box towards me. "You will deliver it, m'sieur?" His trembling hand loosened a silver chain at his neck. Attached was a small key.

It would ease his mind to agree. "I will deliver it," I said.

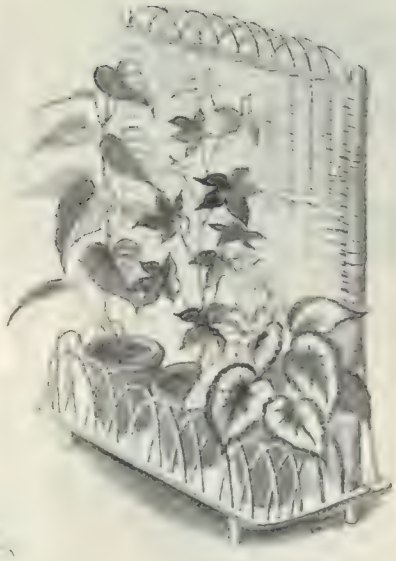
I thought his soul had passed with his sigh of relief but, as I took the box and the key from his hands, a tiny smile flickered about his bloodless lips. "The stone on the lid (*Continued on page* 58)

Jardinières

Flower stands have staged a come-back . . . here are six different interpretations of the jardinière in the modern mood



The wooden stand above is made to order by Adsigns in Belgravia. The wickerwork fire-screen and flower-holder, right, is from Liberty's



EVERY so often, an old-fashioned word acquires an entirely new meaning, and jardinière is a case in point. Not so long ago, jardinière conjured up visions of antimacassars and aspidistras in art pots. Then suddenly indoor gardening became fashionable and the jardinière came back into its own in a new and modern form. There are now jardinières in white painted metal, wrought iron, wood or wickerwork, holding from one plant up to a whole galaxy. We have sketched here a few of the different varieties available.

The plant stand on the page opposite has been designed by Peter Brunn for you to make. Skill required . . . amateur status; tools . . . tenon saw, coping saw, screwdriver, plane, wheelbrace, $\frac{1}{8}$-in. drill, compasses, chisel and hammer; materials . . . two pieces of -in. plywood, 2 ft. 2 in. by 7 in. and 1 ft. 10 in. by 5 in.; two pieces of soft wood 1 ft. 10 in. long, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $\frac{1}{2}$ in. section, two pieces of softwood 5 in. long, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $\frac{1}{2}$ in. section, 2 1-in. diameter dowels 2 ft. long or a broomstick, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$-in. screws, 2 1-in. screws, 2 glass plates, a few thin nails, sandpaper and paint to finish.

Start by cutting a piece of plywood 2 ft. 2 in. by 7 in. for the top. In the centre draw a 5-in. diameter circle and spaced 2 in. away on either side, draw two more circles the same size. One inch from each end mark two holes the thickness of the broomstick (approx. 1 in.).

Cut the holes out, boring a small hole with a drill anywhere along the circumference to start the cut and use a coping or pad saw to *(Continued on page 65)*

A pretty and inexpensive version of the single flower pot stand in white painted metal from Peter Jones

Another variation of the white painted metal jardinière to take several plant pots. It would look charming in hall or loggia. Liberty's

ONE TO MAKE . . . in the contemporary idiom, to be painted to match the existing décor. Specially designed for "Britannia and Eve" by Peter Brunn, M.S.I.A., instructions for making on opposite page

ONE TO BUY . . . a Scandinavian flower crib in white lacquer with walnut-coloured stand. Place it in front of a classical pier mirror with white painted frame

With the family ritual of Christmas over, circles widen again, the

NEW YEAR

Start the year with a bang in this defiantly joyous dress of flame taffeta *left*, cleverly cut to wrap on like a coat. A wide upstanding arc frames the neck. Also in pink, green, grey, royal blue and black. By Ricci Michaels, 16 gns. at D. H. Evans, London; Maryon, Bournemouth.

Right: Contrasting neckline on a dress perfect for a party or a "non-white" wedding. In rich, white brocade embossed with a small all-over pattern in silver. Available also in black and gold. By Arthur Banks, 19 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, London and Southport

traditional wanes, and a sense of pleasant anticipation takes its place at

PARTIES

For the statuesque in height and figure, an exquisitely draped Grecian dinner dress in pure silk jersey, long-sleeved but with one provocative shoulder bare. Ideal to pack for parties away, as it takes next to no space, and shakes out without ironing. From Neil Roger at Fortnum & Mason, £54 14s. 6d.

For the piquant type of girl, a blue lace ballerina frock with a whirl of flounces dipping gracefully at the back. Suitably named "Cage me a Peacock," this dress comes from Rahvis, 19, Upper Grosvenor Street, W.1, costs £58

January is the month
to wage full-scale war
on winter, indoors and out

WARMTH

within and

WARMTH

without

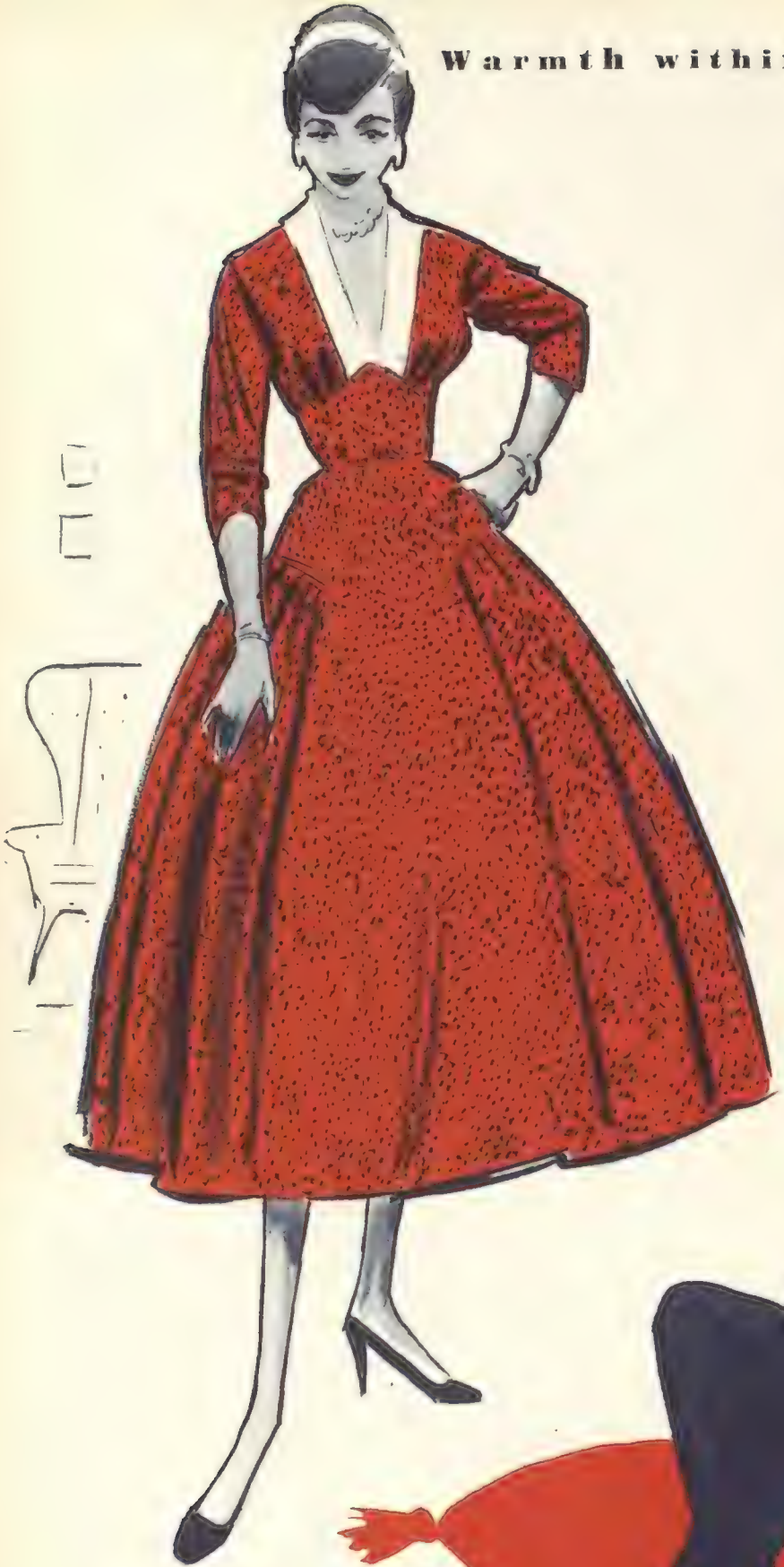
To defy cold outdoors, whether frosty or damp, Mrs. Weston wears this close-fitting tweed suit with bright multi-coloured stripes (*left*). It follows the lines of the figure, has style without exaggeration, and will be equally suitable for London or small town. It is, in fact, the type of tailoring which is done better in Britain than anywhere else. By Matita, about 25 gns. at Mikla, Wigmore Street, W.1; Rosetta, 55, Queen's Rd., Bristol

Below: To augment any of her slim-skirted suits, Mrs. Weston invested in one really good fur coat, and chose the panache of ocelot, styled crisply into a belted three-quarter with long revers and important cuffs. 750 gns. from Albert Hart, 26, Curzon Street, W.1. A beret always agrees well with a fur coat, and here Mrs. Weston is wearing Kangol's Vendome, 10s. 6d. at Bourne & Hollingsworth; and Kendal Milne of Manchester

Opposite page, top: Mrs. Weston's choice for indoor elegance without shivers was this covered-up late day dress by Marcus in heavy wool brocade. The tremendous skirt stems from a Dior-ordained moulded bodice, more sophisticated for young middle-age than gathers at the waist. Mrs. Weston will find multitudinous uses for this dress—winter tea and talk, Calypso, television, ceremonial little dinners among them. It costs 22 gns. at Galeries Lafayette; McDonalds, Glasgow

Opposite page, below: For enjoying to the full those few precious hours when one is at home only to oneself, Mrs. Weston has an Everwear candlewick housecoat, cosy, uncrushable, and eminently washable. An adjunct to complete relaxation is the bedspread in matching cerise, which will never betray lounging by tell-tale creases. The housecoat £2 13s. 11d.: the bedspread, double size, £4 15s. 6d.; single size £4 8s. 11d. at Selfridges; Browns, Chester, and all leading provincial stores

Warmth within and...



Delia's new year began with a house-warming party at a friend's new flat: there was food, drink, conversation, afterwards dancing. Delia was well-equipped in the new dress which she had had made as a Christmas present to herself at the Joy Ricardo salon at Woollands. In warm, springy alpaca, it has a waist-gripping bodice and jabot front, balanced by three-quarter length push-up sleeves. In this, she could move about the rooms freely, unlike the fire-huggers in diaphanous dresses helped out by inadequate cardigans. Made to measure at Woollands for 46 gns. in a choice of blue, grey, or green alpaca

The newest slacks would seem to claim the old wartime siren suit as an ancestor, and present-day ski clothes as very near kindred. The ensemble in wool jersey below, chosen by Delia for home occasions, comprises all-in-one royal blue tapered pants and sleeveless top with square-cut neckline zipping-up the back, together with a straight jacket lined and trimmed with contrasting jersey. She finds it a boon for quick changing when she gets back after work. By Rima, about £24 complete at Marshall & Snelgrove; Florence Wood, Leeds

. . . Warmth without

The key to Delia's winter coat is its Paris-conscious collar of Persian lamb with conspicuous buttoning, which forms a framelike setting for accessories. Delia varies these according to the time of day: a gay scarf worn with a beret (as here), in the morning; pearls or rhinestones with a small cocktail hat in the evening. It is a coat to play many parts, made of cross-ribbed, slate-blue wool, and falling in easy, cloak-like lines. By Koupy, £52 19s. 11d. at Galeries Lafayette; John Moses, Newcastle. The beret is Kangol's Anglobasque, 6s. 11d. at Bourne & Hollingsworth; Kendal Milne, Manchester

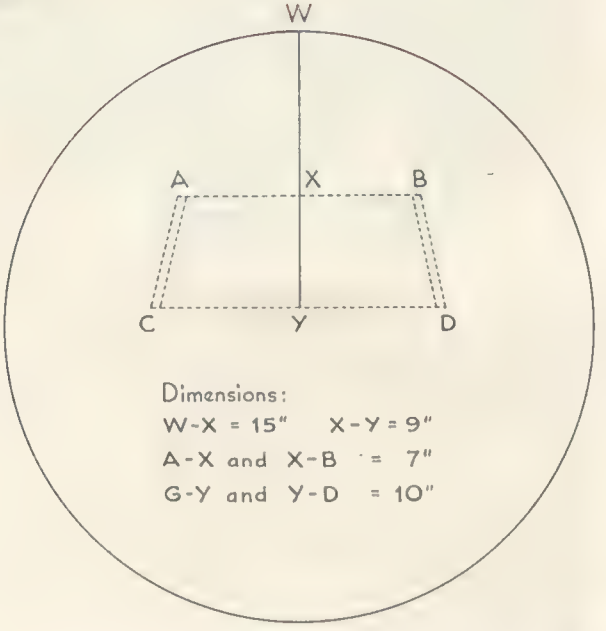
Beneath it she wears a day dress in a warm, lightweight novelty wool material, anthracite-coloured tufted with white and scarlet confetti-blobs. The pentagon neckline fits well under the coat; and again like the coat, this dress is adaptable to many occasions, acting as a foil to different accessories, and taking its place happily at office or cocktail party. The material is ideal for an all-day dress, as it will not pull out of shape or crease. Comes also with "snowstorm" flecks. By Jollita, £7 2s. 3d. at Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus; Lesters of Chester

Illustrations by NICOLAS

Make it in an evening...

in nylon net,

felt, or reversible wool



All there is to the cutting—a circle with two armholes. Follow the measurements for the exact armhole placing

Easy-to-make wrap and blouse just a circle a remnant

Make this blouse from a remnant of silk picked up at the sales, or from one and a quarter yards of any softly draping fabric if you are buying specially

SOME women like sewing, others sew because they need something to wear. These two patterns will appeal to both types of needlewomen because they involve no intricate cutting and very little actual sewing. In fact, there isn't, literally, a seam in the evening wrap and only a minimum of seaming in the blouse, so both can be tackled even if you haven't a sewing machine.

THE WRAP

The wrap can be made up in any material which is stiff enough to stand up in a shawl collar effect without the aid of stiffening. The original was made in two layers of blue nylon net over two layers of pink, but you could also make the wrap of dress felt or a heavy reversible wool, neither of which require lining. The essential points are, first, that the material should be at least 54 inches wide, otherwise you are involved in joining to get the necessary width. Secondly that the material should be as attractive on the wrong side as on the right because the shawl collar turns back to show the inside of the fabric. In nylon net, the wrap takes 3 yards each of blue and pink, but in a felt or wool, it will take only 1½ yards.

Before cutting, first check up to see that the material really is 54 inches wide. Next make sure that you have plenty of working space; the floor is the best place.

If you are using net, fold it in half making a 54-inch square. The other materials will in fact be 54 inches square. Tack right down the centre of the material (through the double thickness in the case of the net) and then right across at right angles to this. Again, run a tacking thread between the arms of the right angles thus made for 27 inches from the centre. Using these lines as points of reference, (*Continued on page* 62)

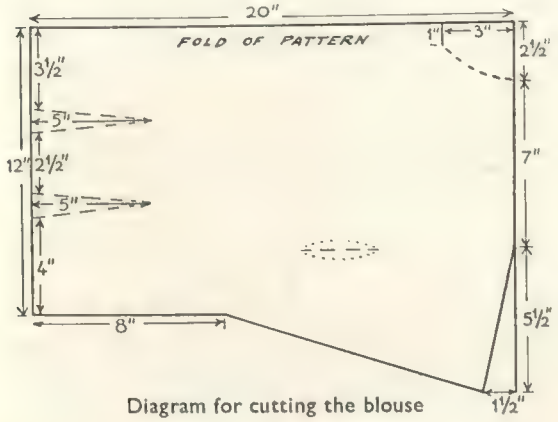


Diagram for cutting the blouse

Cap sleeves and soft bow tie make this an ideal blouse to wear under a suit

Snow along the Bough

By FRANCES BAVIN

Illustration by CRISP

He saw the loveliest of trees shedding clouds of blossom where the grey pavements now lay

JIM stood on Hanover Stairs and looked down at the dirty water of the Thames. He pulled his striped flannel shirt over his head, and kicked his patched trousers to the side of the wharf. His body curved like a young moon over the dark water as he dived. He surfaced, shaking the hair out of his eyes, laughing and calling to his companions.

"Come on in, it's grand!"

He lay on his back, the sun glinting through his lashes, and thought what a beautiful place he lived in.

"Cherry Garden Street." He savoured the name on his tongue. It was nothing to Jim that Cherry Garden Street wound its greasy length across Jamaica Road, Rotherhithe; the whole place was set for him with the stamp of an old man's memories. Grandfer had said that there was a real cherry orchard there once, that the grey pavements were once fleecy with clouds of blossom, and that the dismal stretch of concrete known as Jamaica Level was known then as "The Islands," and grand ladies used to lie back in little boats that floated on the golden-brown water, and young gentlemen used to row them round The Islands.

Jim blinked at a barge going past, and floated on his back in the swell. It was lovely being so near the river. Further up, Grandfer said, there was green grass and willows, and gold and silver flowers lying down for you to tread on. Jim curled his toes in the water at the thought of such unimaginable luxury.

He wouldn't half catch it if Mum knew he was bathing in the river.

Funny about Mum, thought Jim, idly flipping his toes in the water, there is only one thing in the world she is scared of, and that is the river.

Any time she saw by the mud between his toes that he'd been for a swim, she'd tan the hide off him. But that didn't stop Jim, he loved the river as much as Mum hated it. He could not know of that dark and terrible evening when Mum's friend, Bessie, who had got herself into trouble, had been taken out of the river, not far from Hanover Stairs, with the merry eyes stuck down with pads of mud, and her black hair snaky with slime and oil.

"Why don't you like the river, Mum? Why can't I go bathing there."

"Never you mind why. You just do what I say. Don't never let me catch you there."

How could she explain the terror which lay deeper than reason in her practical commonsense mind?

Jim's thoughts left the river, and shuttered themselves down in the little kitchen, where only last night he'd asked Mum if he could go bathing with the boys today. What Mum

said went in their house. You didn't see Dad much because he worked away as a wood-cutter.

SHE was a wonder, was Mum, kept the house bright and clean as a palace, and went out to work to keep the kids in boots and send them to the tuppeny school—all six of them. That made them feel a bit superior. Mum had a lovely face, dark and strong, and her black hair came up like wings from her forehead, and she always pinned it up in front with two little combs, with stones in that glittered, "just like diments," Grandfer said.

Mum didn't have soft hands, like the ladies you read about in books. They were all hard and rough from working in the timber yard, standing at the tying horse for hours on end; 2½d. a hundred bundles she got, and sometimes tied eight or nine hundred bundles a day. So you kept out of the reach of Mum's hands if you'd been up to no good, but if you were poorly you didn't notice how rough they were, because they were so tender, and it was a lovely feeling on your eyes when you had a fever.

Jim had been sitting doing his homework when he'd asked Mum if he could go swimming in the river. Generally he worked very hard and completely forgot his surroundings, not even noticing the sound when Matt next door started to play his accordion. Glancing out of the window he saw Matt coming home—black as coal he was, except for two half-moons about his eyes. Jim knew he'd sit down to tea without so much as washing his hands, but he'd never touch his treasure like that, oh no!

After tea he'd scrub up and do his hair, and change his clothes, and then he'd take down his accordion and sit on the front step of a summer evening, and all the kids would gather round, and the women, with their tired hands folded in their aprons, just standing there, forgetting about the washing and the cooking and the kids, just listening to the lovely music that came out of the pleated folds of the accordion.

Jim's attention had been wandering because he kept thinking about the river and the little javelins of light with which the sun would stab the water. He tried to draw them in the margin of his exercise book.

Then the kitchen door had opened, and in came Bob, who lived opposite. He walked with a limp, because when he was colour boy in a paint factory he caught his white bib apron in the grinding machine when he was tightening up the rollers. The cogs caught his leg, "Just like an animal," Bob said, and pulled it into the machine. He screamed, and two girls in the colour shop outside rushed in and switched off the machine and pulled off his trousers. (*Continued on page* 62)

painting Flowers

By LUCIEN LOWEN

To recapture the passing beauty of flowers brings its own infinite reward

IF you want to paint flowers—you must love flowers first. You must be fascinated by their shape, colour and movement, by contrasting shapes and colours and the play of light and shade on a well-arranged bunch in or out of a vase.

You may have conscious or subconscious associations before you start. You might think of Van Huysum's painstaking care in the Wallace Collection, you might think of Van Gogh's sunflowers, of the delicate arrangements of Chardin, Fantin-Latour or Renoir or of Redouté's exquisite roses, but whomever you might take as a spiritual guide, in the end it is your temperament that will decide. And decide you must before you start.

First, practical matters. Which medium? Water colours or oils? This is often a matter of time. How long will your flowers last? One day, two days—a week? How long will your patience last? This question sounds impolite, but can you honestly follow the intricate pattern of carnations or chrysanthemums without infinite patience? Never undertake a task you cannot accomplish. It is bad for the morale.

If you have only a few hours to spare, once in a while, content yourself with a water-colour study. Take a branch of blossoms or berries or a particularly fine single flower and study it. You will discover that flowers have their own movements, that gladioli are stiff and that tulips can dance. That they are living beings and move, open up or close according to their inner laws—even while you paint.

BE clear in your mind about what you are attempting to do. Do you want to give an impression of your mood or the flowers' mood? Or do you want a botanically correct interpretation, a detailed examination of what you can see? Do you seek to capture the vibrations of light on your flowers?

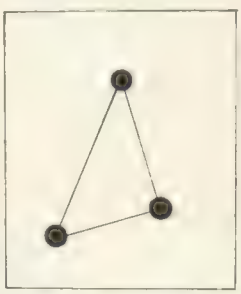
Maybe you want none of these or all of them together; you simply want to paint a picture. Now a picture has entirely different rules from a study and if you have the time and ambition to paint a picture you are immediately confronted by the problems of composition.

A lot has been said about the laws of composition—so much that it could only confuse the beginner. I therefore would advise selecting simple geometrical forms like a triangle, an S curve, a circle, a half circle or two diagonal lines across your canvas as a sort of diagram for the build-up of your picture.

Here we enter a new problem. We can content ourselves in painting the flowers before us, after having selected and arranged them to our liking. I call this the spontaneous method. You paint what you see. This is comparatively simple, but it has its drawbacks. It is a race against time. You must have accomplished your picture before the flowers begin to wilt.

The painting reproduced in colour on the opposite page is proof of that. The dahlias were bought at Covent Garden at eight o'clock in the morning. Seduced by their vivid colours I decided to paint them right away. As dahlias, when cut, rarely outlive a day I had to paint non-stop all day from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Next morning the flowers were drooping and gone. No stroke was added to the picture afterwards; it was painted in the mood of one day.

There is another way of painting flowers which I call the synthetic way. I am sure Rachel Ruysch (1664–1750), one of the most famous Dutch flower painters, must have used it, because it is said of her, that she was such a slow worker that she took seven years over two of her pictures. She surely had a clear conception of what she wanted to do from the start—the sort of diagram in her imagination I mentioned before. She painted as she went along—one flower at a time—with all the infinite care and accuracy in the world, taking her (*Continued on page* 61)



Top and left: Scarlet poinsettia in triangular composition: spontaneous method *Bottom and right:* Carnations and tulips in intersecting curves composition: synthetic method

Dahlias in upswinging arc composition, using the spontaneous method. (From a painting by Lucien Lowen)

"By sports like these are all their cares beguiled" (Oliver Goldsmith)—at Suvretta, Switzerland

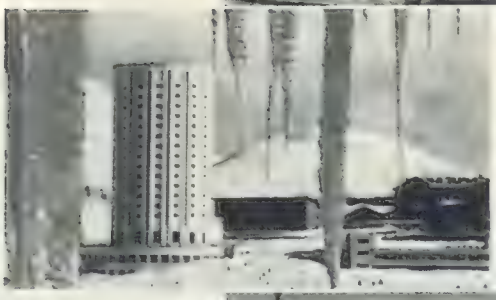
Photograph by J. Allan Cash

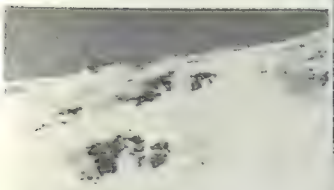
new trails to SUN and SNOW

Sledge journey—outside Copenhagen

Whether you are a fan or just want to "see what it's like," there is variety and excitement in a winter sports holiday

By ANN YORK





Left, top to bottom: On the Route de l'Alpe-d'Huez in the Dauphiny Alps, one of France's finest high-altitude resorts; curling rink in Are, Sweden; the Hotel Duchi d'Aosta at Sestriere in Italy; a popular "sport hotel" at Pokljuka in Yugoslavia; and "somewhere in Norway"

DEVOTED as we are to Britain many of us look forward to a yearly holiday in some climate where sunshine is a reasonable certainty. Now that the travel allowance is raised to £100 some of us can, with careful planning, have two holidays in the sun. We can ski in the sun in winter and bask on the Mediterranean shores in the summer.

A winter sports holiday has a special appeal because it can be enjoyed by the whole family. If it is to be your first adventure in winter sports go to a recognized travel agent—in fact, go to several—and ask their advice. It is wise to compare prices, too.

One agency has two new interesting winter sports offers. One is an escorted holiday available only to children between the ages of ten and sixteen years. This is a really thrilling beginning to winter sports for young skiers. Every possible care is taken, and a fifteen-day holiday costs 46 guineas for absolutely everything. Children of sixteen years, 13s. 6d. extra.

The other plan offered is a tour by specially heated and superbly comfortable motor coach to various winter sports resorts in France and Switzerland. This is for those who just want to "see what it's like" or just to get some sunshine and fun in the mountain resorts without taking an active part. A twelve-day tour costs 45 guineas, covering all expenses including first-class hotels. .

This year the popular "tourist flights" are again offered from London, Dublin and the principal provincial cities to the various sports resorts. For the first time third-class sleepers will be available on some of the principal Continental trains. These sleepers accommodate three passengers and cost between £2 10s. to £3 per night according to distance. Couchettes will also be available to second-class ticket holders and cost about 25s. per night, six persons per carriage. Tourist air fares and second-class rail-boat fares cost about the same.

Take an extra passport photograph as this will be required for the season ticket you will probably buy for using the ski-lifts and funiculars.

In spite of reports from Paris of rising prices, it is good to know that France can still offer reasonable rates at some delightful little hotels in Savoy, as yet undiscovered by the British holidaymaker. Courcheval with its twenty chalet-hotels occupies what well may be the finest winter sports site in Europe. The Hotel de la Loze has wonderful food and costs about 2,500 frs. all-in per (*Continued on page* 65)

Could she forget her childhood and her dreams for the sake of a sheltered security?

Stars and a Song

By VERA WYNN GRIFFITHS

Illustrations by COLEMAN

FRANCES had been to tea with Philip, a lovely tea in his lovely house, masses of flowers, a huge fire, masses to eat; too many flowers, too much fire, too much of everything—too much Philip. She snatched that back . . . no, no, I didn't mean it . . . just too much of everything. At last she had sprung to her feet and said rather breathlessly, "I must go now, it must be getting late."

Philip said, "I'll get the car and run you home—will you wait a minute?"

But somehow she couldn't wait another minute in that warm, rather over-perfumed room. "No, no, don't bother. The bus stops just outside—thank you for everything, it's been wonderful," and before he could start to protest she was across the room, running down the stairs and through the heavy front door into the freshness of the October evening.

"Pouf!" she said aloud, taking in a great gulp of air. She thought she heard Philip running down after her from his first floor drawing-room; no, no really, I couldn't bear it, not any more tonight; there was something about Philip which submerged you, you gasped for air, as you did in his drawing-room. Then her bus drew up and she scrambled thankfully aboard and was borne away towards home.

I wasn't cut out for that sort of thing, she thought, plushy drawing-rooms and central heating supplemented by huge fires, heavy curtains against the windows so that you felt imprisoned from "out."

"I must have 'out.'" At home usually you went straight out from bed: downstairs and out into the garden, to see if the bulbs were coming up, or to hunt for violets; out into the orchard with a bucket of hen food, out into the sweet calm of a summer morning, or into the iced sunshine of autumn with frost on the grass and a lacework of cobwebs hooked from thorn to thorn on the hedge; out sometimes, of course, into the cold and the wet and the breath of a mean east wind which caught at you spitefully as you sloshed through the mud. But even that was better than being hermetically sealed in an overheated house—the house where she would live if she married Philip.

Yes, well, perhaps she'd get used to it; she'd take down those heavy brocade curtains, open the windows so that you could see the stars in the night sky. She sighed a little as the bus rumbled out of town and into the dusk of the country lanes, so narrow sometimes that branches whipped against the windows; a different bus it seemed to be now, jogging along more slowly, ambling along really, stopping for anybody who wanted to get off at a footpath leading to a farm, or for anybody standing on the grass verge frantically waving an arm.

And somehow when she was on the country bus heading for home she was a different girl, the Frances who worked in town and knew Philip suddenly became a girl whom she neither knew nor understood very well. This was the real Frances, going home, exchanging nods and smiles with people whom she had known since childhood, noting with relief that there was no need for her to look out for her stopping place since Price the huntsman was behind and would ring the bell at the top of the lane.

"The best of this job at the school is that I shall be able to come home for every weekend," she had explained to Archie, eighteen months ago.

He'd shaken his head. "It's a bad thing, really, you'll be trying to lead two different lives, it won't work. You should get a job far away somewhere—or stay at home always," he added, softly and hurriedly as though in an aside to himself.

SHE'D thought that he was talking nonsense—Archie often talked a lot of nonsense; anyway, when you were the daughter of a country schoolmaster who had scraped and saved to give you and your elder brother an expensive education and had another little son coming along, you knew that there was no question of staying at home, even if you had wanted to, you just had to get out and earn your living; and she'd thought herself extraordinarily lucky to get the post at the grammar school which enabled her to come home every Friday evening.

"It won't work," Archie insisted when she pointed all this out to him. "Not for you, because your heart is in the country."

Maybe he had been right, but only up to a point, for except for occasional moments, like that one just now in Philip's drawing-room when she had felt that she must get out or go quietly mad, she contrived to merge her two lives quite well.

Philip, too, adored the country—he often said so, he was quite rapturous about primroses and pussy willows—rabbits, even. Archie had heard him being lyrical about rabbits; without seeing it she had been aware of his quietly sardonic smile and from some instinct of loyalty towards Philip she, too, had enthused and had refrained from reminding Philip that in the country the winter was often long and cold and dreary, frequently lit by oil lamps only, and that the rabbits which played so cutely outside their burrows in the half-light of evening were a menace to the crops and classed as pests. It was perhaps a pity to know these things, you lost sight of the romance. Philip had kissed her beneath a pussy willow tree and said,

"What a heavenly place for telling you that I love you," and she had moved her feet uneasily with a slight squishing sound, aware that they were getting wet, since pussy willows flourish only in damp places. Archie would have known better, Archie knew everything there was to know about the country. But there was no need to think about him.

A long time ago she had convinced herself that she wasn't in love with Archie, never had been in love with him; going to the village school with him, borrowing a horse from him, hunting with him, rounding up the hill-ponies in October, surprising the large-eyed deer beneath the larch trees on the hills; going to the races with Archie, borrowing two shillings from him when you were broke, lending him two shillings, showing him the green woodpecker's nest, showing him the tiny spray of mistletoe which grew, miraculously it seemed, from a berry which you had squashed into the crack in the trunk of an old apple tree—rushing to show Archie everything, knowing that he would be as thrilled as you were, because (*Continued on page* 63)

Suddenly, without quite knowing how it happened, she was in his arms. His jacket had that sweet smell, of heather, of bracken, of rain on the larch trees

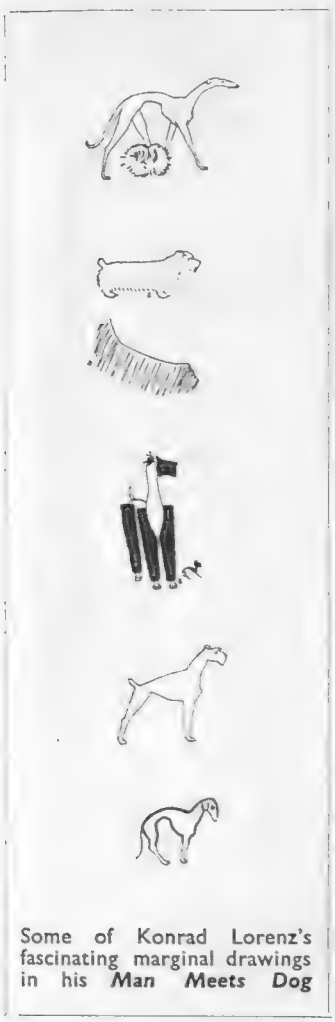
January reading

By TREVOR ALLEN

Fiction and non-fiction, the pick of the month's books, recommended for your enjoyment

Walter Macken, author of ***Sunset On The Window-panes*** (below)

Clemence Dane, author of ***The Flower Girls,*** is a keen artist. She painted the design used for her own book jacket



Some of Konrad Lorenz's fascinating marginal drawings in his ***Man Meets Dog***

FOR a humble bricklayer and the stepson of one, Ben Jonson did not do badly. Like Shakespeare, he became player and playwright and married "a shrew, yet honest" who bore him children. At thirty-four Shakespeare played in his *Every Man In His Humour.* He killed a rival player in a duel and escaped hanging by pleading benefit of clergy. He was Court Poet, the soul of the *Mermaid* brotherhood, took "civilized delight in love and ladies" and wrote of, "My mountain belly and my rocky face." Marchette Chute gives us a robust study of the man and the times in which he lived in **"Ben Jonson Of Westminster"** (Hale, 18s.).

Sir Arthur S. MacNalty's approach to **"Elizabeth Tudor: The Lonely Queen"** (Christopher Johnson, 18s.) is partly medical, *via* her case-sheet. She suffered from three serious illnesses, was subject to moods, caprices, migraine, nerve-storms, and probably moulded in no small way by her first love for a wooer old enough to be her father: the arrogant Lord Admiral Seymour, executed at the Tower. This scholarly survey affords revealing clues to her conduct, statecraft and psychology. I found it a deeply interesting and absorbing study.

WE open the New Year with a touching problem: the relationship of men and women to their dogs. Do we find in the dogs a reflection of their owners' personalities? Konrad Z. Lorenz, an authority, says yes. In master and dog who have spent some time together one sees likenesses in manner both touching and comical. His wife's dogs are always cleanly, with a certain sense of order; they never walk through puddles, keep to the narrowest paths between garden beds. But his dogs roll in any filth and bring dirt into the house. The difference is just that between his wife and himself. She always picks from their litters those in which the "nobler," more reticent, cleaner, almost feline Chow-Chow inheritance predominates; he has always preferred those with the livelier, more vital, vulgar nature of his old Alsatian. I leave husbands and wives to argue this matter—merely remarking that **"Man Meets Dog"** (Methuen, 15s.), translated by Marjorie Kerr Wilson, is a wise, provocative book about cats as well, margined by cute animal drawings.

Another with amusing marginal thumbnails is Hakon Mielche's **"Passes And Trespasses"** (Hodge, 15s.), about this Danish artist's struggles to earn a living, somehow, in bohemian Paris and his wanderings in Poland and the Pacific, notably Malekula. Like most who've known what it is to go hungry, he writes with buoyant faith in luck and life and sees the humour in people—and himself. He even became a gigolo, and says the work can best be compared to a docker's. "We hauled heavy loads up and down the dance floor ceaselessly from midnight until four. . . ." I enjoyed every page of his cheerful odyssey.

A very different life was that of Dr. Norman Bethune, Canada-born specialist in thoracic surgery, who first practised in Montreal's red light district, started blood-transfusion banks for Republicans in the Spanish Civil War, then a guerrilla medical service in China, launching the slogan: "Doctors! Go to the wounded! Do not wait for them to come to you!" and saving tens of thousands of lives before losing his own from septicaemia in 1939. Mme. San Yat Sen pays tribute to his work in **"The Scalpel, The Sword"** (Hale, 16s.), a (*Continued on page* 66)

Joyce Wright and Fisher Morgan as Mad Margaret and Sir Despard Murgatroyd in a lively scene from *Ruddigore*

The Opera à la Carte

By ANTHONY LEJEUNE

SAID Gilbert to Sullivan when the first long run of *The Mikado* ended: "We are world-known, and as much an institution as Westminster Abbey." Sixty-seven years later they are still an institution, as peculiarly English as pantomime or cricket; but unlike pantomime or cricket, Gilbert and Sullivan go on all the year round.

Ko-Ko and Jack Point, the Mikado and the Duke of Plaza-Toro, the Beefeaters on Tower Green and the unhappy lot of policemen in Penzance are greeted and quoted as affectionately as ever. The D'Oyly Carte Company plays to packed houses all over Britain and makes regular triumphal tours to America, where scores of Gilbert and Sullivan Societies flock to see "the real thing" instead of the unauthorized versions which are performed in the States.

The audience is as highly trained as the players. It knows when to laugh, when to cry, when to demand an encore, when to raise an eyebrow at a fluffed line or a fumbled piece of business. *Patience* and *Princess Ida* make fun of conventions which have long since been forgotten, but the parody has survived its victims. The chorus in *Iolanthe* sings:

Where a singer's forgetfulness brings angry letters . . . untopical references remain unaltered . . . the world of the d'Oyly Carte opera whose charm is one of unchanging ritual, as English as pantomime or cricket

"Oh, Captain Shaw !
Type of true love kept under !
Could thy brigade
With cold cascade
Quench my great love, I wonder !"

No one now remembers Captain Shaw, the stern old chief of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade who wouldn't allow his firemen to marry : but people still seem to enjoy the joke. Certainly there would be a terrible outcry if this highly untopical reference were cut.

Much of the charm of the opera depends on changelessness. Every line of dialogue, every note of music, every bit of business is a ritual, performed almost exactly as it was on its first night at the Savoy. It is true that at two points in *The Mikado* the lines are traditionally varied. Nanki-Poo's address abroad is given as Knightsbridge or Oxford or Edgbaston according to the town in which the company happens to be playing. One culprit in Ko-Ko's little list of society offenders who never would be missed started as "the lady novelist," has since been "the crooning vocalist," "the scorching motorist," "the towpath bicyclist," "the petrol rationist," and is now "the (*Continued on page* 67)

Ann Drummond-Grant as Katisha in *The Mikado*

Crisp, white and washable. A valance of broderie anglaise (attached to a lining which fits over the bed base) froths from beneath a white linen spread with a centre motif of matching embroidery

The appeal

of the functional

is not denied,

but for those who

have a hankering for

the "prettiness" of the past

we offer these suggestions

for romantic schemes

as a restatement of their charm

ROMANTIC ROOMS

THIS is a practical age and the functional takes precedence in decoration as elsewhere. Yet many of us hanker for a truly feminine room. Quite simply, for frills and furbelows in the romantic tradition.

The bedroom is the place where a taste for the feminine as against the functional can be indulged. Most happily, perhaps, in a synthesis of the past and present moods of decoration.

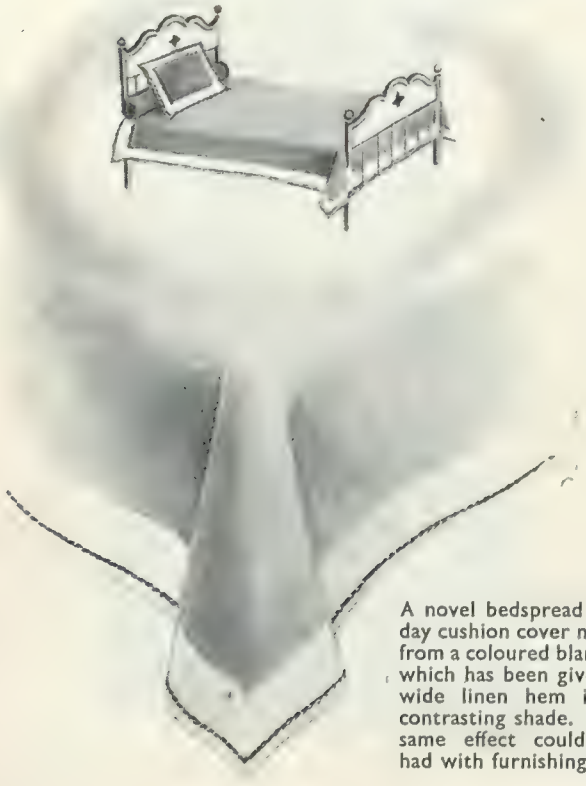
The two rooms shown opposite in colour do combine the traditional with an unmistakable air of the modern. The double bedroom would delight the most feminine taste yet it stops short of emphasis where it might be out of place for a room which is to be shared by married people.

The bedroom for a bachelor woman, below, is frankly feminine with its lovely draped canopy at the bedhead in white, patterned with violet, and a violet bedcover pointing a darker note of colour against pale walls which, in turn, have a foil in the pale turquoise ceiling and a dark, blue-green carpet. In both rooms sharp accessory colours give a stimulant effect and admit the contemporary style.

Being the focal point of the room the bed itself sets the scene, as it were, and while it can be elaborately decorated it is safer to avoid the bold use of colour on and around it except for accent, otherwise a balanced distribution of colour in the room becomes impossible.

With so many lovely washable materials around, delicate pastels and white can be used to achieve the romantic scheme with confidence in their being reasonably practical.

For the double room shown a white candlewick spread is used with washable muslin drapes. The bed canopy for the single room (a simple arrangement of curtains suspended from a bracket in the wall) is washable Everglaze. Curtains and chair covers are of the same material.



A novel bedspread and day cushion cover made from a coloured blanket which has been given a wide linen hem in a contrasting shade. The same effect could be had with furnishing felt

in the MODERN MOOD

Illustrations

by

JULIA COMPER

The washed pastels of a Renoir painting with sharp accents of contemporary colouring compose these schemes in the romantic tradition. Above: a bedroom for Monsieur and Madame and, below, for the bachelor woman who can indulge a taste for frills to the limit

Photograph by Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright

From now on, sea-foods are in season. Try the recipes given for creamed oysters in aubergine, lobster thermidor, or mussels served in wine sauce

Sea foods . . .

. . . oysters . . . lobster . . . are the lords of the species, but mussels, scallops and the other humble members also make dishes to delight the gourmet

I LEARN with no surprise at all that we have in this country a fishmongers' college at which ambitious young fish apprentices are trained for no less than three *years* to prepare, present and purvey their wares in the most attractive manner. I might have known it. That elaborate, almost ritual display, with the silvery blue fish jostling each other in one tray, the solid white fish rigidly laid out in another, the frontispiece of pink prawns and shrimps, the single crabs at intervals, the round bowls of stone-grey oysters and of black mussels, all punctuated with crisp green parsley sprays and the screaming scarlet of the lordly lobster. Three years is not a day too long to learn such art.

Quite apart from the pleasure a really good fishmongers' display gives to the eye, there is also the gustatory pleasure (in anticipation) to be derived while deciding which is to provide today's feast. Shall it be oysters? We have a host of variations on the oyster theme. Delicious raw on the half-shell, bedded on ice and served with lemon and brown bread and butter—and indeed some epicures declare it is sacrilege to cook an oyster—I think they are equally delicious creamed and served in pimento or aubergine cases, or made into a pie with chicken and celery, or as a savoury like Angels on Horseback (sometimes called Pigs in Blankets). Whatever you decide to do with oysters, however, you must always remember that they must not be overcooked. If you are serving them in a hot sauce, complete the sauce first and drop the oysters in last, cooking them as if you were poaching eggs. They are ready when they begin to curl at the edges. If you cook them longer than that they will become rubbery and some of their delicate flavour will be lost.

Or will mussels be your choice? You will need one pint of mussels per person. It sounds a lot, but they are inexpensive, and you will always have to discard a few where the shells have already opened. Pick them over, and put all those with tightly closed shells into a bowl of cold salt water. Leave for an hour, then put them into a colander under running cold water, scrubbing, scraping and bearding each one separately, for they are usually very gritty and need thorough cleaning. Now they are ready to be prepared as *moules mariniere* or *poulette:* or, for that matter, fried or used simply as a garnish.

YOUR skilful fishmonger will prepare a crab for you in a very few minutes, so that all you have to do is to place the dressed fish on its bed of lettuce or tomato, and of course he will do the same for a lobster, if you are wanting to serve it simply with salad and mayonnaise sauce, but in the hope that you will like to try an *haute* cuisine dish like *Lobster Thermidor* I give you the recipe below.

Creamed Oysters in Pimento or Aubergine Cases.—Prepare pimentoes by cutting off the tops, scooping out all the seeds and washing thoroughly. Prepare aubergines by cutting in half lengthways, removing any seeds, but leaving the pulp. Put into fast-boiling salted water and boil for eight minutes. Meantime prepare the creamed oysters. Make a sauce by melting a tablespoon (*Continued on page* 67)

Scallops à La Français

Try mussels with scallops for this simple but princely dish.

***INGREDIENTS:** One scallop per person, 1 pint of mussels and ¼ lb. mushrooms for every 4-6 scallops; prawns for garnish.*

Remove the scallops from their shells with a sharp knife and trim the coral from the white flesh carefully as, when raw, they will run like raw egg yolk if cut. Steam the white meat in milk until tender and fry the coral gently in butter separately. When both are cooked, season, add a few drops of lemon and finely grated shallot.

Clean the mussels, drop into boiling water and cook for 5 minutes until shells open. Remove mussels, cut into pieces, mix with scallop and pile into individual shells. Cover with a white sauce to which have been added cooked mushrooms. Sprinkle with grated cheese and put into a hot oven until the cheese melts. Serve, garnished with shelled prawns.

Time for Knitting

January . . . the time for tea round the fire . . . cosy evenings with a book or some knitting. We have chosen two jumpers for you to knit—each as light as a blouse and twice as warm. . . .

LONG-WAISTED JERSEY

Materials required for this jersey are 5 oz. Golden Eagle Polynit 2-ply wool in green and 1 oz. in black; 1 pair of No. 12 and No. 13 knitting needles. Working at a tension of 9 sts. and 12-13 rows to 1 in., measured over stocking stitch on No. 12 needles, the pattern fits a 34-in. bust.

THE BACK

With black wool and No. 13 knitting needles cast on 126 sts. and do not work into back of sts. Work 1½ ins. in st.st., ending on p. row. Turn under work horizontally and k. tog. 1st st. of row with 1st st. of cast-on row. Continue in this way to end of row, making a small hem. Change to No. 12 needles and green wool and continue in st.st. until work measures 3 in. from beg. Change to No. 13 needles and work 3 ins. Change back to No. 12 needles and inc. at each end of this and every following 4th row until work measures 18½ ins. from beg. (202 sts.). Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 20 rows and 4 sts. at beg. of following 16 rows. Leave remaining 38 sts. on spare needle.

A jersey with the fashionable new long-waisted line

THE FRONT

Work as for back until work measures 13 ins. from beg. (168 sts.). Work 84 sts. to centre, turn and work back. Work 4 rows st.st., and still cont. to inc. at sleeve edge on every 4th row. Take 2 tog. at end of next and every following 6th row 9 times. Now take 2 tog. at end of next and every following 4th row 10 times. Before completing this shaping and when work measures 18½ ins. from beg., cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 10 k. rows and then cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 8 p. rows, until no sts. are left. Rejoin wool to centre and complete second side to match, reversing shapings.

TO MAKE UP

Press both pieces well under damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. With No. 13 needles and black wool cast on 90 sts., then pick up 90 from right front neck, take 38 from spare needle at back of neck, pick up 90 from left front neck, cast on 90. Now work ¾ in. in st.st., taking 2 tog. at each end of every row. Now work ¾ in. in st.st., inc. at each end of every row. Cast off. With No. 13 needles and black wool pick up 136 sts. from sleeve edge, beg. 7 ins. to right of shoulder seam and ending 7 ins. beyond it. Work 1½ ins. in st.st. Cast off. Press these edges, turn over at centre and hem down neatly, joining last edges of neck band neatly tog. Press again. Join side seams to just above where sleeve edging begins. Tie neck bow and arrange in true lover's knot. Catch down lightly and neatly.

DIAMOND-STITCH SWEATER

Materials required for this blouse are 5 oz. Marshgrove 2-ply wool in white; 1 pair of No. 14 and No. 9 needles. Directions are given for a size 36-38-in. bust. Tension should be 10 rows and 8 sts. to 1 in.

Abbreviations: K. = knit; p. = purl; inc. = increase (work into front and back of same stitch); dec. = decrease (take 2 stitches together); st. = stitch; w.fd. = wool forward; sl. = slip; p.s.s.o. = pass slipped stitch over; tog. = together; stocking stitch = k. 1 row, p. 1 row; rep. = repeat; in., ins. = inch, inches.

THE BACK

With No. 14 needles cast on 140 sts. and work in rib as follows :

1st row.—K. 1, * k. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end, k. 1.

2nd row.—K. 1, * k. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end and k. into back of all k. sts. except end sts. to give a twisted effect, k. 1 ; rep. these 2 rows until there are 58 rows, end with right side of work facing. Work 1 more row in rib and inc. to 148 sts. as follows ; inc. in the 11th and every following 17th st. to end. Change to No. 9 needles and work patt. as follows :

1st row.—K. 10. w.fd., k. 2 tog., * k. 16, w.fd., k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to end, k. 10.

2nd row and all even numbered rows.—P.

3rd row.—K. 8, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 1, w.fd., k. 2 tog., * k. 13, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 1, w.fd., k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to end, k. 9.

5th row.—K. 7, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 3, w.fd., k. 2 tog. ; * k. 11, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 3, w.fd., k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to end, k. 8.

7th row.—K. 6, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 5, w.fd., k. 2 tog. ;

A diamond pattern openwork motif and high-cuffed neckline ring the change on the classical white blouse

* k. 9, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 5, w.fd., k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to end, k. 7.

9th row.—K. 5, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 7, w.fd., k. 2 tog., * k. 7, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 7, w.fd., k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to end, k. 6.

11th row.—K. 4, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 9, w.fd., k. 2 tog., * k. 5, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 9, w.fd., k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to end, k. 5.

13th row.—K. 3, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 11, w.fd., k. 2 tog. ; * k. 3, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 11, w.fd., k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to end, k. 4.

15th row.—K. 2, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 13, w.fd., k. 2 tog. ; * k. 1, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 13, w.fd., k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to end, k. 3.

17th row.—K. 1, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 15, * w.fd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fd., k. 15 ; rep. from * to end, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 2.

19th row.—K. 1, w.fd., k. 2 tog., * k. 16, w.fd., k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to end, k. 1.

21st row.—K. 2, w.fd., k. 2 tog., * k. 13, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 1, w.fd., k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to end.

23rd row.—K. 3, w.fd., k. 2 tog., * k. 11, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 3, w.fd., k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to end, k. 11, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 4.

25th row.—K. 4, w.fd., k. 2 tog., * k. 9, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 5, w.fd., k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to end, k. 9, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 5.

27th row.—K. 5, w.fd., k. 2 (*Continued on page* 68)

The FRINGE of Fashion

Fringes are chic . . . flattering . . . fashionable. Here are three versions of the vogue seen in the West End

Raymond created this version of the fringe with clever cutting. The hair is literally pruned and cut in layers over the head. Pads are used in the setting to lift the hair from the head in a framing movement. Simple though the style appears to be, it does involve a wave, either a natural or a lightly permed one. Given that, between-set grooming is a matter for hair brush and comb.

This is a fringed version of Dumas' "Aura" cut. Principle of this cut is that the hair is roughly equidistant from the crown, except at the back where it curves softly into the nape of the neck, a concession to the slightly longer movement that seems set to appear next spring. Roller setting lifts the hair at the sides, to give becoming fullness to the narrow or heart-shaped face.

Steiner's version of the fringe is soft and easy to wear, a becoming face-framing alternative for those who cannot take a straight line across the forehead. The centre parting is flattering to tubby faces, the curls on the temples add fashionable width across the eyes. This style, pretty and wearable, is ideal for business girls and, with a natural wave or light perm, it is not difficult to maintain between sets.

Sixth in our series of the great English classics is Jane Austen's best-loved novel

"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE," which must be one of the best loved and most widely read of the English classics, was written by Jane Austen before she was twenty-three, although it was substantially revised, "lop't and crop't" as she described it, before its publication fifteen years later in 1813.

It has always seemed impossible that such a novel could be written by a country parson's daughter, who was out of touch with professional novelists of the day and whose uneventful life was bounded by the limits of an affectionate family life. But Jane Austen's genius had the wisdom, observation and sense of humour she gave to Elizabeth, the heroine of "Pride And Prejudice."

This novel was a favourite with Jane Austen herself. She wrote to her sister Cassandra announcing the appearance of "her own darling child," adding a comment on its being read aloud to a friend. "Miss Benn was amused, poor soul! *That* she could not help, you know, with two such persons to lead the way, but she really does seem to admire Elizabeth. I must confess that I think her as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print, and how I shall be able to tolerate those who do not like her at least I do not know."

Then with tongue in cheek, "The work is rather *too* light and bright and sparkling. It wants shade; it wants to be stretched out here and there with a long chapter of sense, if it could be had, if not of solemn specious nonsense, about something unconnected with the story; an essay on writing, a critique on Walter Scott, or the history of Bonaparte."

THE Bennet family were so "real" to Jane Austen that she could write to her sister about them as if they were mutual acquaintances. Jane Austen has been to an exhibition of Reynolds's paintings and is disappointed not to see a portrait of Elizabeth there, but she supposes that Mr. Darcy "prized it too much to like it should be exposed to the public eye. I can imagine he would have that sort of feeling—that mixture of love, pride and delicacy." There is, however, a small portrait of Jane, "exactly herself—size, shaped face, features and sweetness; she is dressed in white gloves, with green ornaments, which convinces me of what I had always supposed, that green was a favourite colour with her."

Finally, she wrote, "Kitty Bennet was satisfactorily married to a clergyman near Pemberley, while Mary attained nothing higher than one of her uncle Philip's clerks and was content to be considered a star in the society of Meryton."

It is Jane Austen's warm affection for people that blunts the edge of her satire. It is so easy to laugh with her at the preposterous Regency code of manners, and easy to forget that, were she writing now, she would reveal similar absurdities in twentieth-century convention and find the same human foibles to be the butt of her gentle ridicule.

Walking in the park, Elizabeth met Darcy, who had obviously been waiting for her. He thrust a letter in her hand and, leaving her to read it alone, hastily withdrew

THE excitement which gripped the ladies of the Bennet family when it was learnt that a Mr. Bingley, reputed to be a well-to-do bachelor, had rented Netherfield, a large house in the neighbourhood, was voiced by Mrs. Bennet in conversation with her husband, " A single man of large fortune ; four or five thousand a year ! What a fine thing for our girls ! "

There were five Bennet girls, all unmarried. Elizabeth, the second-eldest, was by far her father's favourite, who declared, with characteristic humour, that his daughters " are all silly and ignorant like other girls, except Lizzy, who has something more of quickness than her sisters."

Mrs. Bennet, already visualising one of her daughters settled as mistress of Netherfield, urged her husband to call on Mr. Bingley, who was reported to be " quite young, wonderfully handsome, extremely agreeable, and to crown the whole, he meant to be at the next assembly."

When Mr. Bennet finally called on Mr. Bingley he was able to tell his family that their new neighbour intended to take a party to the ball to be held at Meryton, a town not far from Longbourn, the Hertfordshire village of which the Bennets were " the principal inhabitants."

At the ball, Mr. Bingley's party consisted of his two sisters, the husband of the elder of them and Mr. Darcy, a gentleman from Derbyshire, " much handsomer than Mr. Bingley," who " soon drew the attention of the room by his fine, tall person, handsome features, noble mien." Interest increased when it was rumoured of " his having ten thousand a year."

Mr. Bingley made himself greatly liked. He danced twice with Jane, the eldest of the Bennet daughters, and

The Bennet ladies were delighted to hear that Mr. Bennet had actually called on their new neighbour, Mr. Bingley

afterwards confided in Darcy. "Oh, she is the most beautiful creature I ever beheld."

His friend Darcy's manners, however, "gave a disgust which turned the tide of his popularity, for he was discovered to be proud, to be above his company," He slighted Elizabeth, by saying in her hearing that he considered her "tolerable, but not handsome enough to tempt *me*."

"Elizabeth remained with not very cordial feelings towards him," and Mary, the third sister, "a young lady of deep reflection," observed, apropos this incident, that "human nature is particularly prone to pride." As for Catherine and Lydia, the youngest of the girls, they "had been fortunate enough never to be without partners, which was all they had yet learnt to care for at a ball."

During the next few days, Elizabeth was so occupied in watching the growing romance between Mr. Bingley and her beloved sister Jane, that she was quite unaware of Mr. Darcy's growing interest in her. "He had at first scarcely allowed her to be pretty. But no sooner had he made it clear to himself and his friends that she had hardly a good feature to her face, than he began to find it rendered uncommonly intelligent by the beautiful expression of her dark eyes . . ."

MISS BINGLEY had taken a liking to Jane and invited her to dine at Netherfield. As the coach was not available, Jane had to make the journey on horseback; rain fell and she caught a chill. Her hosts therefore kept her at Netherfield, where she was confined to bed. Elizabeth went to see her, and remained at Netherfield at Miss Bingley's invitation.

During this stay, Elizabeth "could not help observing how frequently Mr. Darcy's eyes were fixed on her," but "she liked him too little to care for his approbation." While Darcy believed that "were it not for the inferiority of her connections, he should be in some danger."

Jane having recovered and the sisters returned home, Mr. Bennet surprised his family by announcing the early arrival of "a gentleman and a stranger": his cousin, Mr. Collins, to whom Mr. Bennet's estate was entailed, much to his wife's chagrin. Mr. Collins had written that he had lately "received ordination" and that he had been "distinguished by the patronage of Lady Catherine de Bourgh," who had preferred him to the valuable rectory of Hunsford, in Kent.

Mr. Collins intended to marry and "meant to chuse one of the daughters of the Longbourn family," thereby atoning for inheriting their father's estate. Mrs. Bennet, privately consulted, whilst complaisantly cautioning him against choosing Jane, "did not know of any prepossessions as to her *younger* daughters."

The next day Mr. Collins "attended" all the young ladies, except Mary, in a walk to Meryton, where for some time past a regiment of Militia had been quartered. In the street they observed an unknown young man "of most gentlemanlike appearance" walking with Mr. Denny, an officer of their acquaintance. He introduced his friend, Mr. Wickham, who had just joined the corps. At that moment, Bingley and Darcy came riding down the street and, when they stopped to greet them, Elizabeth noticed that Darcy and Wickham knew each other and seemed none too pleased to meet again.

LATER, Mr. Wickham was present at a party given by the girls' aunt, Mrs. Philips, and he singled out Elizabeth for his special attention. She spoke to him about Darcy, and Wickham acknowledged that he had known him since infancy at Pemberley,

At the Assembly, Elizabeth overheard herself described by Darcy as "tolerable, but not handsome enough for *me*"

Mr. Darcy's Derbyshire estate. His father had been steward to Mr. Darcy's father. Mr. Wickham was intended for the Church, but the son had treated him scandalously, in denying him the "possession of a most valuable living" left him by the father. Elizabeth's poor opinion of Darcy was confirmed.

At a ball, given at Netherfield, Darcy paid much attention to Elizabeth, who received him coldly, all the more so that he refused to give her any explanation of his conduct to Wickham. Throughout the evening Mr. Collins "was in almost constant attendance" on Elizabeth, and informed her, not without great complacency, that he had discovered that Mr. Darcy was a relative of his own patroness, Lady de Bourgh. Nor did the clergyman lose much time in carrying out his matrimonial plans, for the next morning he made "a declaration in form" to Elizabeth, of a self-importance and pomposity which were only equalled by his unbelieving astonishment when he was refused.

However, Mr. Collins was not dismayed for long and transferred his attentions to Elizabeth's friend Charlotte, and returned to his parish, engaged to marry her.

Meanwhile, the Bingleys and Mr. Darcy unexpectedly left Netherfield for London, not to return before the end of winter, much to Jane's distress.

At Christmas, Mrs. Bennet's brother and his wife came from London to stay at Longbourn. Mr. Gardiner was "in trade." Having been acquainted with recent events, Mrs. Gardiner asked the much-discouraged Jane to return with them to London for a while.

Not long after their departure, Elizabeth went on a visit to Charlotte, now Mrs. Collins, at Hunsford. In passing through London, she saw her sister Jane again, and was invited by the Gardiners to accompany them on a trip to the Lakes, next summer.

Elizabeth was introduced by her cousin, Mr. Collins, to Darcy's aunt, Lady de Bourgh, and her daughter at Rosings

MR. COLLINS welcomed Elizabeth to his humble Parsonage "with ostentatious formality." During her stay she was asked to dine at Rosings, Lady de Bourgh's imposing mansion, and met the grand lady's daughter: about whom it was said that she was intended for Darcy.

The weeks passed in tedium, until the arrival of Mr. Darcy, on a visit to his aunt at Rosings. Darcy's constant visits to the Parsonage made Charlotte suggest to Elizabeth "the possibility of his being partial to her, but Elizabeth always laughed at the idea." She was quite unprepared, therefore, when late one evening, Darcy, knowing her to be alone at the Parsonage, called to see her.

"In vain have I struggled," he began. "It will not do. My feelings will not be repressed. You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you." Then he went on "to represent the strength of that attachment which, in spite of all his endeavours, he had found it impossible to conquer," and "in spite of the inferiority of her connections" to propose to her.

His arrogance stung Elizabeth to reply, "I have never desired your good opinion and you have certainly bestowed it most unwillingly. You could not have made me the offer of your hand in any possible way that could have tempted me to accept it. Long before, my opinion of you was decided . . . your character was unfolded in the recital which I received many months ago from Mr. Wickham."

DARCY, agitated by the mortification of her refusal, left her. However, the next morning, Elizabeth, walking in her favourite lane, met him again. He handed her a letter and withdrew.

"Without any intention of humbling myself," he wrote, "but in the interest of justice, you must hear me." Mr. Wickham had "resigned all claim to assistance in the Church" and "accepted in return three thousand pounds"

Wickham singled out Elizabeth for his special attentions and told her how badly he had been treated by Darcy

to study Law. Subsequently, having found this profession unsuitable, he again asked for a family living. This was refused. Later on, " in the hope of revenging himself," no doubt, Wickham persuaded Georgina, Darcy's sister, " then but fifteen," to elope with him, but this plan was foiled.

" Astonishment, apprehension and even horror " oppressed Elizabeth on reading this letter : " She had been blind, partial, *prejudiced*."

Elizabeth had not long been back at Longbourn when the Militia left Meryton to camp at Brighton, and her sister Lydia was invited by Colonel Forster and his wife to accompany them. On the arrival of summer, owing to business reasons, Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner were compelled to cancel their long trip to the Lakes and, instead, they took Elizabeth to Lambton, in Derbyshire, where her aunt had family connections. Near by was Pemberley House, Darcy's home, over which they were taken by the housekeeper, Elizabeth having been assured of the owner's absence. However, as they were leaving, he " suddenly came forward," having arrived without warning. Be asked to be introduced to her friends, and was courtesy itself.

" Why is he so altered ? " she asked herself. " It is impossible that he should still love me."

HER stay in Derbyshire was dramatically cut short ; she received a letter from Jane : " Something has occurred of a most unexpected and serious nature." " An express came " from Brighton saying that the sixteen-year-old Lydia was gone off to Scotland with Wickham.

Darcy appeared and asked Elizabeth to introduce her friends

Hastily the Gardiners took Elizabeth back to Longbourn, and it soon transpired that the fugitives had not made for Gretna Green but were concealing themselves in London, " a doubt being entertained of their being really married ! "

It was Mr. Gardiner who eventually wrote that they had been found and that it " would not be long before they were wed," provided certain money settlements were promised.

The wedding took place in London, and when Wickham brought his bride to Longbourn, Lydia confided to her sisters that Darcy had been present at the ceremony but this was to be kept a secret. Elizabeth " could not bear such suspense," and, on enquiring by letter from Mrs. Gardiner, was told that it was Darcy who had found the lovers, had paid Wickham's debts, complied with the settlements and purchased him a commission in the Regulars. His intervention was to remain a secret.

A LITTLE while after the Wickhams' departure for Newcastle, where the new regiment was stationed, Bingley returned to Netherfield. Darcy was with him and, the first time they dined at Longbourn, Bingley proposed to Jane and was accepted. " 'Tis too much," she cried, " I do not deserve it ! "

As for Darcy, " a man who has once been refused," he remained aloof from Elizabeth.

To everyone's astonishment, about a week later, Lady de Bourgh descended upon Longbourn. Ignoring Mrs. Bennet,

" Are you engaged to him ? " demanded Lady de Bourgh

she demanded a private interview with Elizabeth, who took her into the garden.

" A report of the most alarming nature reached me two days ago ; I am told that *you* would in all likelihood be united to my own nephew, Mr. Darcy. . . . Has he made you an offer of marriage ? I am entitled to know all his dearest concerns."

" But you are not entitled to know *mine*," was Elizabeth's rejoinder.

" Mr. Darcy is engaged to *my daughter*."

" If he is so, you can have no reason to suppose he will make an offer to me."

" From their infancy they have been intended for each other. Tell me once for all, are you engaged to him ? "

" I am not."

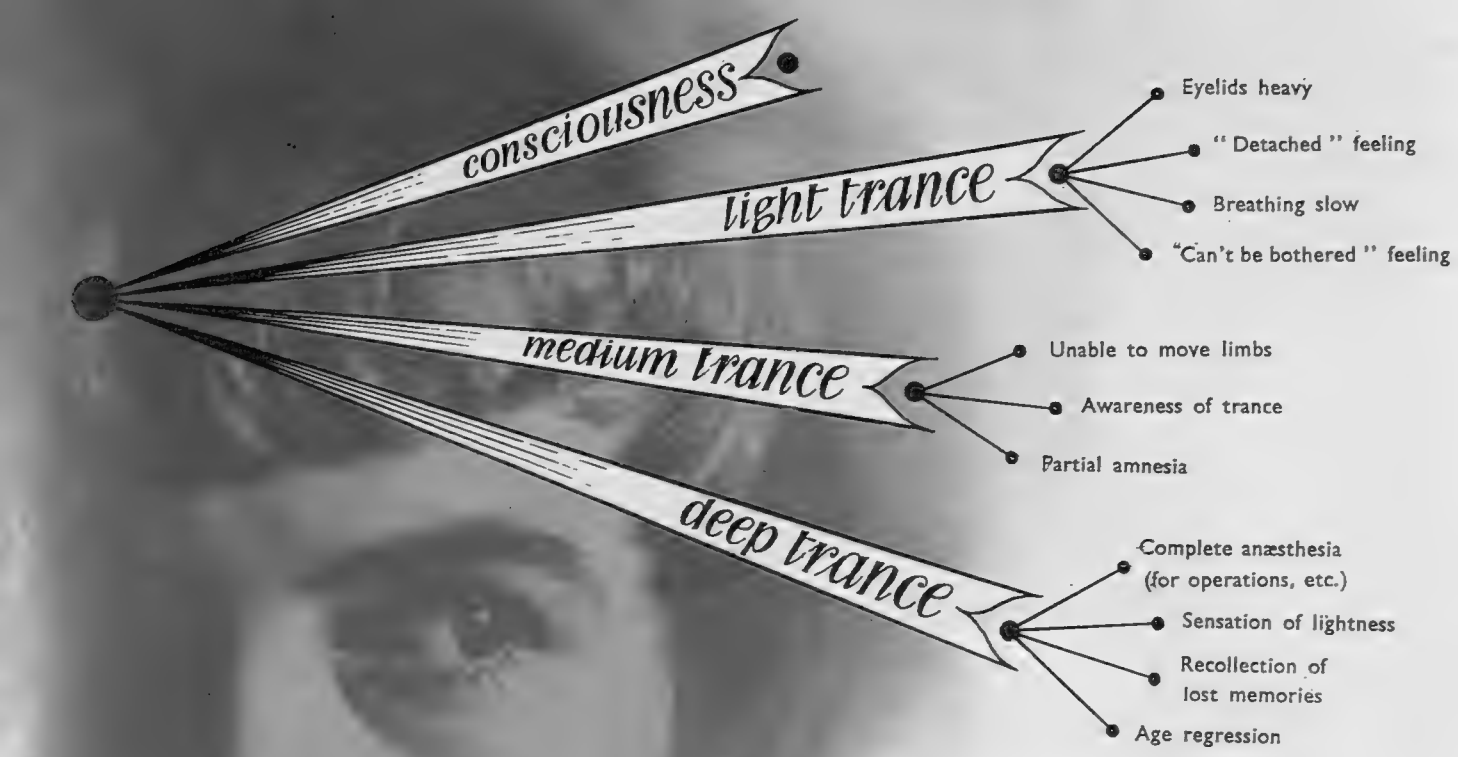
" Promise me never to enter into such an engagement."

" I will make no promise of the kind."

* * * *

" The discomposure of spirits which this extraordinary visit threw Elizabeth into would not be easily overcome," but soon after, Bingley brought Darcy on a visit to Longbourn. Anxious to be on their own, Bingley and Jane, during a walk, lagged behind so that Elizabeth was left with Darcy. (*Continued on page 67*)

" We are to be the happiest couple in the world ! "



The truth about

HYPNOTIC HEALING

By a HARLEY STREET DOCTOR

A GREAT number of people to-day still look on hypnotism as altogether weird and frightening. Even many doctors remain suspicious of the whole business, and this antipathy has not been lessened by the spectacle of stage hypnotists putting volunteers through antics while in a hypnotic trance.

However, despite deep-rooted prejudices against it, hypnotism is slowly but surely gaining recognition in the medical world. Employed in a scientific way, it is helping doctors to discover the underlying causes of much mental and physical illness. Psycho-analysis, the better-known and accepted method of uncovering conditions not normally apparent, is a long-drawn-out process. The slow and careful probings into the mind entailed by psycho-analytical methods may have to extend over a period of months or even years.

With the skilled and judicious use of hypnosis, it is often possible to bring to light in only a few sessions the facts which must be known before the cure can begin. Direct hypnotic suggestion is used sometimes to dispel symptoms, sometimes to dispel the *attitude* underlying the symptoms—breaking down tension and bringing to light the repressed emotional experiences which are the root cause of the trouble.

The state of hypnosis can best be described as corresponding to the state of dreaming which occurs in normal sleep. As in dreams, a patient can sometimes remember afterwards everything that occurred, and sometimes has no recollection whatever, depending on the depth of hypnosis attained. Among the more common misconceptions is the widespread belief that a person who is hypnotised must be unconscious. Nothing could be further from the truth. In the light and medium stages, patients are so in possession of their faculties that they never believe they are in a trance until the doctor explains the symptoms which prove that they are.

Even in the deepest trance—the state in which completely painless surgery can be performed—patients are completely aware of what is going on and can at all times hear the doctor and answer his questions if required. There is a generally-accepted belief that only a minority of people can be hypnotised, but thorough research over a period of years has proved that at the most 5 per cent. of persons are "uninfluenced."

Of the remainder, 35 per cent. will go easily into a light trance, 35 per cent. into a medium trance, and 25 per cent. into the deepest trance. One enormous advantage to patients who fall into the last category is that in cases where a heart condition has made surgery inadvisable, a "deep" subject can be operated on under hypnosis without any effect to the heart.

THE above figures refute the theory that only the weak-willed can be hypnotised. Hypnotism can, in fact, only be achieved with the intelligent co-operation of the patient, so sensible, well-balanced people make the best subjects.

On the first visit to a doctor specialising in hypnosis, even the most sensible of patients are invariably a little nervous, but their doubts are soon dispelled. There is nothing mystical about (*Continued on page* 68)

BEAUTY By . . .

Write to Chrysis, Britannia and Eve, 195, Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, and let her advise you on your beauty problems.

Too old to be a child, too young to be grown up . . . with sympathetic guidance the youngster can tackle the problems of the awkward age and lay the foundations of lifelong good looks

HER FUTURE is TO-DAY

SHE is at the awkward age, leggy and gauche, a child and a woman by turns and never the same two moments together. What does her mother do? Try to keep her a child a little longer? Help her to grow up quickly? Or just dismiss this as a phase, the least notice taken of it the better?

One would not wish the twelve- to fifteen-year-olds to be old too soon, certainly not their mothers. But sympathetic guidance through this transition stage can lay the foundation of beauty in the future. If young girls know and understand the principles underlying all sound theories of beauty culture, it will be a safeguard of their looks and figures throughout life.

Corsetieres are increasingly recognising the importance of the correct foundation garment for the developing figure. Twilfit, for instance, have made this a special study, and in the Miss Twilfit range there are foundations to suit the needs of the growing girl.

The choice of bra is most important. Early on in the development of a full bust, support is essential. Once delicate muscles have become stretched—and this will happen if they have inadequate or incorrect support, there is little that can be done to restore a firm contour to the bosom.

While the bra should provide adequate support, the belt or girdle should not be too restrictive. The best foundation for the youthful is the one nature provided—a strong set of tummy muscles. The girdle which discourages these from their own work is a bad one.

In practice, the elastic and net type of foundation is best for energetic youth. There are variations to suit all individuals and again the Miss Twilfit range provides a choice of panties or pull-on belts, short-waisted or long. The depth of the belt is important. Too short or too long a belt can put pressure in the wrong places and is so uncomfortable, anyway, for an active youngster.

Sooner or later comes the inevitable questions about perms and make-up. "Mary's mother allows her to make-up, so why can't I?" Well, why not? The answer is implicit in the basic principles of beauty culture. The aim of all sound beauty methods is to tend the lily, not to gild it. See that your daughter has the simple basic preparations which encourage skin health and loveliness. Let her use them and she will see the soundness of this argument. A bland cream of the repute of Pond's Cold Cream to soothe when the skin gets rough or dry, and a super-fatted toilet soap should fill most of her present beauty needs. A scented dusting powder will provide a touch of luxury on which she can work off harmlessly a growing interest in her appearance.

THE same principle applies to the question of perms. Whether or not it is out of place for very young girls, the fact remains that poor hair will not be transformed into good hair merely by having it permed, and lustrous young hair does not need it. At this age, good cutting and styling will probably be the most effective answer to "Can't I have a perm?" Good cutting can encourage any slight natural wave there may be and gives style to the genuinely straight hair. In either case, she has made the improvement in her appearance that was at the root of her longing for a perm.

It is always disappointing to see a lovely young complexion deteriorate, but at this age it can happen. Adolescent acne is common enough to be almost the norm. But just because it is universal, there is no excuse for ignoring it or for escaping the issue with "You will grow out of it."

She *will* grow out of it, of course, but at what cost? Young girls go through agonies of self-consciousness about their spots. (*Continued on page* 57)

What's the Latest

NEWS for women who would like to change the colour of their hair—the first reputable *home* dye. If your hair is drab to faded, or showing the first touches of greyness, try the new Inecto Four-in-One (5s. 6d.). It lightens, brightens, permanently colours and conditions the hair, all four things in one. By a clever balance of the formula, you can't overdye your hair or come out patchy. It simplifies the problems of touching-up, too. You just pour the Four-in-One all over the head, just as you did in the original application. The roots get dyed without the already-dyed hair being affected at all. Ideal for anyone with up to 10 per cent. of grey hair. The only snag—yes, there is one!—is that it cannot be used on heads with 20 per cent. of grey or more. They will have to continue with professional services, I am afraid!

Dandruff seems to be a more widespread scourge than ever. Latest treatment by French of London consists of a dandruff shampoo and a lotion to use between whiles, both 7s. 6d. each. To complete the trio there is a Spray Set Hair Lacquer at the same price, invaluable if you find that your hair is soft and unmanageable when you wash it yourself at home.

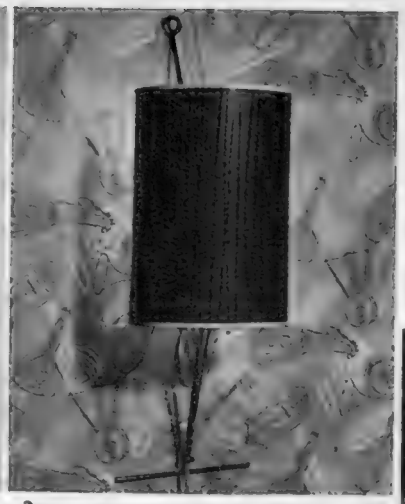
The more that is discovered about the vital trace elements in food, the more complicated appears their rôle in maintaining health. That is probably why some people will prefer herbal tonics to those prepared synthetically in laboratories. A booklet on herbal remedies, and the herbal preparations themselves, can be obtained from Hofels Curative Foods, Ltd., 8, Guilford Street, W.C.1.

As for foundation, Max Factor's new "Sheer Genius" (7s. 9d.) seems to be made for the cold weather. It is a lotion base with a special lanolin formula which nourishes the skin and gives day-long protection from wind and cold. Of the five shades, "Glowing Genius" is the one for those who tend to go rather pink about the nose in the cold.

MARGARET SHARP

Shopping

1



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1. A handy little gadget called a "Quickunpic" which will be a boon to anyone who likes—or has to!—make do and mend. The little blade inside the prongs rips up seams, the prong itself whips off press-studs, buttons, etc., without damaging the fabric. Price 1s. 6d. from all Singer Sewing Centres, postage extra.

2. A "pin up" wall lighting fitment which needs only one nail to attach it in place. The shade is silk screened parchment in either citron or cherry, and the flex is long enough to reach to the skirting. It costs 39s. 8d. from Pegasus Ltd., Sydney Street, Chelsea, London, S.W.3.

3. Electric toasters get more and more ingenious. This Pye electric toaster deals with two slices of bread at once, reverses the slices with a twist of the handle, then leaves the made toast on a warm rack, eliminating all risk of scorched fingers. Price 52s. 6d., postage extra, from John Lewis and Co., Oxford Street, W.1.

4. Attractive table appointments combining green Denby oven ware and wood. The two individual casseroles with their grooved wood stand cost 45s. the set. The twin preserve pots have wooden lids to match the wooden tray on which they stand, 27s. Both come from Fortnum and Mason Ltd., 181, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Postage extra.

5. For indoors now, or the verandah later, a combined magazine rack and occasional table in Danish cane with plate-glass top. Price £4 8s. 10d. from Harrods of Knightsbridge, S.W.1. Postage extra.

6. The best coffee is always made with freshly-ground beans. This electric coffee mill will do the chore for you. The Mill-Tric grinder, which costs £5 10s., postage extra, will grind other ingredients such as rice, lentils and nuts. From A. W. Gamage Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C.1.

7. Sweet dishes, made by Chance Brothers, with playing card designs in colour on milk-white translucent glass, price 11s. 3d. a box of four. In clear glass, 8s. 3d. a box of four. From Selfridges, Oxford Street, London, W.1, postage extra.

8. Linen place mats, with a pocket to tuck the table napkin into. There are fourteen rich shades to choose from, each with white napkins edged with the respective colour of the mat. The set of four mats and four napkins is 22s. 6d., postage extra, exclusive to Woollands Brothers Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1. The Finmar stainless steel cutlery is also from Woollands. The complete place setting of soup spoon, dinner knife and fork, dessert spoon and fork and dessert knife, is called a "Starter Set," an excellent idea for those who want to build up to a complete range of cutlery gradually. The set costs 39s. 6d., and starting off with two or three place settings, further sets can be added as required.

For You...

10

9

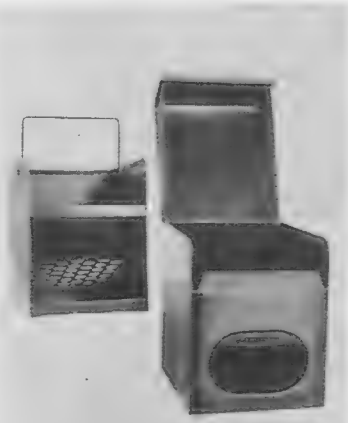
8

9. For the breakfast rush-hour or a quick pot of tea at any time, the G.E.C. super-speed electric kettle which will boil three pints of water in five and a half minutes. It has a safety device to prevent the element being damaged if the kettle boils dry. Price £3 19s. 6d., postage 1s. 6d. Harrods of Knightsbridge.

10. Coloured cotton sheets by Everwear, trimmed with white broderie Anglaise. Sets of two sheets, one trimmed and one plain, and two pillow cases trimmed all round, single bed size are price £5 5s., double bed size £6 19s. 6d., in leaf green, primrose, fresco blue or sugar pink. Winter sheets, exquisitely soft and warm, which will wash beautifully, again in lovely soft pastel colours, satin hemmed, cost 59/- single, 79/11 double, the pair, postage extra from Selfridges, Oxford St.

11. The Redisifta coal box incorporates a grid which sifts the lumps from the slack, ready to bank up or make up the fire as required. From Froy's of Hammersmith, London, W.5., The price is £4 7s. 6d. Postage extra.

11



12. The craze for espresso coffee—made Italian style under pressure in case you haven't met it yet—is spreading. Here is an Italian "Expresso" coffee maker for home use. It is beautifully simple to work—just put in ground coffee and water, screw on the top, put on the heat and wait for the coffee to come steaming through. One cup size £1 6s. 9d., three cup size £1 10s., six cup size £1 19s. 6d., and a family size which makes nine cups £2 15s. Yarners, 1 and 2 Langham Place, London, W.1.

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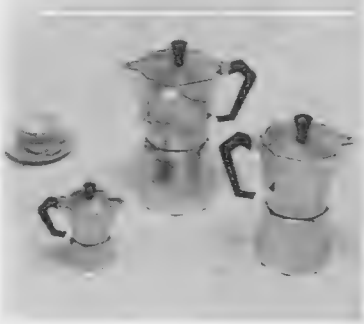

Service of the Month

CARPETS to be cleaned can always be lifted and sent to the cleaners, but the consequent disruption of the household routine can be avoided by having them cleaned in situ at home. There is a home shampoo service for fitted carpets, squares, flooring felt and upholstery. Cost varies a little in each individual case, but a working figure is 6s. a square yard. Write to The Flooring Centre, 17 Quadrant Arcade, Regent Street, London, W.1., for the name of your local agent of the Columbus carpet shampoo service. As an incentive to start spring cleaning early, some of them are offering a discount for carpets cleaned before January 31, 1955. Worth considering if the job has to be done sooner or later.

THE ARTIST and the QUEEN'S portrait

by

GILLIAN FREEMAN

Self portrait of the artist

Most talked-of artist of the day, Pietro Annigoni at 43 has won international acclaim culminating in his commission to paint the Queen

HE opened the door to me himself, wearing old brown corduroys, a scarf at his throat, his side-boards giving him the rugged appearance of a Sicilian brigand.

This was Pietro Annigoni, the man who has been described as the modern "old master" of painting; the first foreign artist to be granted portrait sittings by the reigning monarch for a number of years; the man who has been painting the Queen's portrait.

International acclaim has brought many portrait commissions to Annigoni and he spends a few months of every year now in London at the studio to which I had just climbed the four flights of stairs. It is an unpretentious entrance to the workshop of the most talked-about artist of the day. But Annigoni is a natural and unaffected person. At the London studio, when he is there (his wife and two children are in Florence), he cooks his own midday meal, answers his own telephone, makes his own bed and lives much as he did in his student days.

A sitting with the Duchess of Devonshire was on when I arrived. He has portrayed the Duchess against a landscape of woods and lake which suggest the grounds of Chatsworth House without actually showing it. There was a little more work to be done and Annigoni asked me to wait.

I sat on a faded green velvet chair and, glancing round, played my own game of "incongruous objects." In a few minutes I had collected a skeleton hand, a pink shawl, a baby Chianti bottle, a copy of *London Belongs To Me* and an orange. "Props" one would find in any studio but this was not any artist, it was Annigoni, the man whose great technical accomplishment has brought him comparison with the great masters. It has been written that "it is almost as though one of the later Renaissance painters had been born out of his time, for Pietro Annigoni has all the skill and bravura of the Italian sixteenth- and seventeenth-century masters, yet with an obvious awareness of the uncertainty, the tragedy and the self-conciousness of our own century."

When the Duchess had gone we were able to talk. Outside the lofty windows of the big (*Continued on page* 68)

Annigoni in Florence with his wife, and daughter Maria Ricciarda, son Benedetto

Date with Destiny

Of all the girls there,
he only had eyes for her!

. . . and no wonder, for in her Gor-Ray skirt she completely stole the party picture. But then that's what's so wonderful about Gor-Ray. Created by Britain's top designers, these skirts have an air of fashion flair that sets them quite apart. And oh, those blissful colours! A range that makes the peacock blush for shame . . . in the most heavenly materials . . . checks, and plains and patterns as gay as the lights on the Place Pigalle!

There's a Gor-Ray skirt for every occasion, each one definitely . . . indisputably . . . right. No wonder they say 'a Gor-Ray is the centre-piece of every wise girl's wardrobe'.

Prices range from *35/-* to *5 gns.*

GOR-RAY REGD. *Skirts one better!*

GOR-RAY LIMITED · 107 NEW BOND STREET · LONDON · W1

The Quilt (*Continued from page* 8)

George and I fell in love with one another in the sudden way that this does sometimes happen. We met for the first time after a performance of *She Stoops To Conquer* given by our Amateur Dramatic Society. I played Constance Neville—I am not a good actress and the girl who played Kate Hardcastle is—and very pretty as well. But George, who was in the audience, thought I should have been given the principal rôle. He had just come as junior clerk to the bank in the town, and being an out-of-door young man had found rooms in our village and bicycled in and out to work every day and went for walks on the Downs, or fished in the river, at week-ends.

When we took our calls at the end of the play on the first night, George stood up and shouted "Miss Neville, Miss Neville," so firmly that I had to step forward and make a separate bow, very much to the company's astonishment. That was on the Friday night. He was there at the Saturday matinée and someone brought him round to the dressing-room after the evening show. I saw him in church on Sunday morning and, on Sunday afternoon, we went for a walk on the Downs.

I was twenty-six and he was a year younger and neither of us had been in love before. It was out of the question that we should ever part now that we had found each other. We did not discuss marriage; we were going to get married at once. My mother, who was not Uncle Percy's sister for nothing, tried to put her foot down. The gesture was futile. The salary of a junior bank clerk was only just enough for a junior bank clerk's very frugal living. I had an allowance but no real money of my own and my mother wasn't going to let my father finance me in marrying out of my class. My mother's ideas were pre both wars. I found a job as a waitress at a tea-shop called The Sausage Roll where George lunched every day. Five weeks to a day from our first meeting, we got married by licence at a Methodist chapel in the town, George having been brought up to what he calls "The Connexion."

MY parents knew that I was working at The Sausage Roll in order to assert my independence. I had a two-room flat there, but I came home for weekends and my father pretended not to notice that I was away from Monday to Friday. George and I went for long bicycle rides every Sunday. We just didn't mention that we had got married. My mother, of course, suspected it, but she did the ostrich trick which, on the whole, was the easiest as well as the kindest way.

The whole affair had been so sudden and so absorbing that even when I knew how ill Aunt Agatha had become I didn't find time to go and see her. Then one day the vicar's wife got hold of my father and said she felt he ought to know that I was as good as living with the young man who had lodged at Mrs. Doble's. There was one of those family rows. My father didn't exactly cut me off with a shilling, but he talked a great deal of old-fashioned nonsense about a misalliance. So I produced George one Sunday afternoon. I knew my mother would not resist the charm of his good looks and shy, gentle manners. My father didn't give himself the chance: he went for a long walk when he heard George was coming to tea.

That evening my mother said:

"Why don't you go to see Aunt Agatha? She's better than she was and has asked where you are. I think she'd be on your side."

She was, I knew, thinking of Aunt Agatha's money, Uncle Dick's money, which it was supposed must come to me one day.

I said nothing to George, but on the next early closing day, I bicycled home with some cakes from The Sausage Roll and took them down to The Lindens after tea.

Aunt Agatha was, as I began by saying, propped up among her pillows with a bed-table in front of her. She was sewing little cushiony blue patches together, end to end. She was, I saw, sewing up the last of them.

I said I was glad she had come to the end of her long job, and she said it was not quite ended. She must sew the last patch on as carefully as she and her sister had always done, using a chain stitch of their own invention so that nobody would be able to see where any join began or ended. It would also, said Aunt Agatha, be extremely difficult to unpick.

"Quilts like this one," she said, "were made to last for more than one lifetime. This will be yours when I am gone and your children's children will be able to sleep under it."

That seemed to be my clue. I said I hoped it would be a very long time before I inherited the quilt but only quite a short time before a child of mine would come to visit her and see the quilt for itself.

AUNT Agatha woke up a little at this and I was able to tell her about George and the baby we were going to have and that Father did not know and that Mother only suspected we were married.

Aunt Agatha went on sewing up the little blue patch bag while she listened. Her manner was attentive but not very kind, especially when I told her about the baby: it was as if, not having had one herself, she could not really countenance them in others. She did not speak for quite a minute, when I came to the end of my confession. Then she had pushed her needle right through the last little blue cushion and dragged it free so that the end of the thread was safe and hidden and said:

"Did you know that your Uncle Percy had offered one thousand pounds for evidence as to how the powder that killed your Aunt Marion got into the house?"

I told her that I had been away at school when Aunt Marion died and had been told very little about it, though I had heard Uncle Percy say, not so very long ago (as a matter of fact it was after Uncle Dick's funeral but I stopped myself just in time from telling Aunt Agatha this) that his offer still held. He was going to leave instructions in his will about it. He was quite sure that someone knew where the rest of the powder was.

"Exactly," said Aunt Agatha, "and your Uncle Percy was behind the valuers who came to the house over the business of probate. They turned out every drawer and pigeon-hole in the study; but they found nothing."

"Of course they didn't," I said. "The rest of the powder wasn't in the house at all, or they'd have found it when Aunt Marion died."

"It wasn't here *then*," said Aunt Agatha, "but it is here now."

"Here? You know where it is?"

"I know it is here," said Aunt Agatha, "but I do not know exactly where."

"How do you know? Did you find it after your marriage?"

"I did not find it. It was sent to me."

"To *you*?"

"Most of the patches in the red and some of those in the green border of my quilt are stiffened by letters from your Uncle Dick."

"But there must be more than a hundred of them."

"There are," said Aunt Agatha. "He wrote to me every day."

"I thought you never spent a day apart during your marriage."

"It was before we were married," said Aunt Agatha.

I CAN remember what I said and what she said up to that point but, now, the rest of her tale just whirls in my head. My questions must have stopped and she must have gone on talking while I listened. I do remember—I shall never forget—that at one point she looked at me and said she had been told I was very like Aunt Marion whose portrait as a bride still hung in the drawing-room downstairs.

Uncle Dick, kind, good-natured Uncle Dick, said Aunt Agatha, was not faithful by nature, and he had never been really in love with Aunt Marion. He had met Aunt Agatha, who worked as a typist in one of the estate offices where his house property was managed for him. She was living with a crippled sister much older than herself. He had been very kind and had helped them to find and move into a good, small, modern, all-electric flat with a lift and constant hot water. This made things very much easier, as her sister could get about a little and do for herself when Aunt Agatha went away for a night now and then.

Aunt Agatha's sister thought they had been able to afford this because Aunt Agatha's salary had been raised. She never saw Uncle Dick or knew of him by name.

It was after they had settled into this comfortable flat that her sister began to work on the quilt again. She finished the central star and Aunt Agatha began to make the patches for the border. These were kept in a large drawbag ready to be sewn together when the centre was complete. Aunt Agatha couldn't bear to destroy any of Uncle Dick's letters.

In an all-electric, centrally heated flat, you can't burn papers, so she hit on the idea of sewing them up into the little patches: the envelopes he used were the right size for this and she sewed one up each time a new letter came. Sometimes, of course, there was no letter, only a blank sheet or envelope of the same size as the bags she sewed up with her sister.

HER sister took a deep interest in all reports of fatal accidents, crimes and divorces in the illustrated papers. She talked a great deal about them. The case of a boy who died after a meal of what was supposed to be corn-flour pudding but which was found to have contained a kind of powdered porcelain, newly brought into this country by a clever French dentist, interested her very much. They had discussed it in full detail because it was reported in the papers while they were spending a week at Bridlington.

Aunt Agatha had found two letters from Uncle Dick in the letter-box when they got back. She had to wait to open them until she could leave her sister to do her slow unpacking in the bedroom. She went into the sitting-room and slit open the envelopes. One of them contained a smaller, sealed packet and two lines of writing only on a separate sheet:

Get rid of this for me darling, but whatever you do keep it dry.

Dick.

Before she could open the second letter, her sister came in and said she was tired of stooping and would rest in her chair and, perhaps, do a little sewing till tea-time. Agatha had better finish the unpacking. So Agatha slipped Uncle Dick's letter and enclosures into one of the patch bags and left it there while she got the tea. When she came back an hour later, she saw that her sister, now nodding asleep in her chair, had fetched the drawbag from its hook and had sewed up all the patches in it and begun to fasten them together in the border on which, by this time, they were engaged.

Next day, Aunt Agatha's sister was excited and curious about another case of death by porcelain filling powder. This seemed far more thrilling than that of the dentist's son who had died by misadventure of corn-flour pudding. The fresh victim was a lady whose husband was away from home at the time. Aunt Agatha's sister had not stopped talking of it for a week. She talked of it every evening as they sat together and sewed up patch after patch and fastened them with their unpickable stitches into the border of the quilt.

I could feel that Aunt Agatha's recognition of my likeness to the dead woman hardened into enmity towards me as her confession grew more and more complete. She had never tried to retrieve the packet—or the letter; it had long since disappeared into one of a hundred or more silken bags in the quilt under which she and Uncle Dick had slept night by night since the day when, knowing that she knew what he had done, he had married her.

"I shall leave you my quilt," she ended. "It is all I have to leave. I sunk all the money I had after your uncle's death in an annuity. It was rather a waste. Dr. Priestley told me yesterday that I had the kind of heart trouble that would send me off suddenly and quite soon. So if you and George want to defy your family, you can unpick the quilt till you find the evidence your Uncle Percy will pay for so handsomely."

I must have said something rather shocking, for she began to choke. Before I could get the housekeeper up from the kitchen she was unconscious.

An hour later she was dead.

At first I said nothing to George. I told my mother about the baby and she broke the whole news to my father. He was so much pleased at the idea of a grandson on the horizon that he began to think he had approved of George from the beginning.

We shall try to destroy the quilt before our son is born; but we do not yet know how we can do this without arousing a great deal of interest in the village—though it cannot be suspicion after all these years.

END

Her Future Is Today

(*Continued from page* 51)

The more spotty they become, the more unhappy they are. The psychological factors in adolescent acne have now been recognized in the medical world and, in fact, some cases have been known to respond to psychological treatment.

But a "normal" case of acne does not make a candidate for a psychologist's casebook. Simple practical measures can be taken to improve the condition and clear it, at least for the time. There is no miracle cure and though treatment will right the condition, it is not a sign of failure when spots reappear after a time. Acne can recur throughout adolescence and is, in fact, a symptom of the profound physical changes taking place in the body. But one successful treatment in the past will give confidence for the future and the young girl will be much comforted by the knowledge that she is not to suffer in silence until nature provides the cure.

I talked over this problem with Irene Nash at Raymond's Beauty Salon. She has a vast experience in treating cases of adolescent acne, and her methods are based on her wide knowledge of physiotherapy. "When the girls come to me, I give them a minor lecture on the skin," she said, "so that they can understand the cause of their skin trouble and how I intend treating it. In this way, I gain their co-operation without which I cannot get the best results. Treatments alone are not enough. Daily home care of the skin and of diet is indispensable. They will listen to me, where they will not listen to their mothers. If I ask them to give up chocolate and eat lots of vegetables, they will, even if they love chocolate and hate greens. The psychological approach is so important."

Irene Nash believes that acne should be treated as soon as it appears, at whatever age. Neglected cases can result in serious skin eruptions which might leave a legacy of scars for life. That is one reason, among others, why acne should not be neglected.

If possible, the youngster should start off with at least one professional treatment. An expert like Irene Nash will always prescribe a follow-up home routine. A series of treatments will, of course, go far towards righting the condition and will lessen the possibility of a recurrence. As to the cost involved, a course of six treatments costing 5 gns. is less than many mothers would pay for their daughter's party dress, and this, not for a passing indulgence, but an investment in the future.

In fact, the foundations of her future are laid today. This is the impressionable age and habits acquired early will be easy to continue, difficult to break. It would be sad if the habits she acquired, by imitation or by precept, should be bad ones.

This applies to details as well as to basic principles, to the routine care of teeth, hands, posture, eyesight, feet. If she knows *why* the correct way to brush the teeth is from gum to tip of teeth, *why* regular visits to the dentist every six months are essential to dental health, what might appear merely fussiness turn into another ramification of beauty culture.

The same goes for choosing shoes. Fortunately, shoes "good" from the point of view of foot health need not these days be dreary, so there need not be the battle between what the young feet should wear for the sake of their well-being, and what their young owners long to wear. If there is an occasional indulgence, perhaps for a party shoe, in the matter of a slightly higher heel than usual, insistance upon the correct sizing and fitting will bring home this important lesson.

Mothers of young girls who have to wear spectacles should bring a little applied psychology to the problem. If the specs have to be worn only "for the time being" until some slight sight defect has been corrected, then the line is an obvious one. "Wear them now and you will not have to wear them later." But when it is spectacles now and for always, the situation needs very delicate handling. Sympathy is calculated to create in the youngster a resentment against them. Buy her pretty frames, so that at least she can get a little kudos out of necessity. An odd remark or two about "Men don't make passes at girls who wear glasses" being madly out of date since fashion-designed frames came on to the map, can do a lot for morale whether at fifteen years or fifty.

END

Better cooking . . .
better looking!
With a "larger than usual oven," fast, efficient burners and a capacious grilling space, this delightful bow-fronted cooker gives really good service for a modest price. From your local gas showrooms on attractive hire purchase terms.
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The HANDY RACK
With this aid to good cooking you just open the cooker door and out comes the cooking ready for inspection.
Fixed in a matter of minutes to the popular '68' the Handy Rack locks firmly in any of three positions and cannot slip during use.
FLAVELS
of LEAMINGTON
Makers of fine quality cooking and heating appliances since 1777

Sentimental Journey (*Continued from page 15*)

is but a stone," he murmured. "The contents have no value save to those who love me. Take it to my wife, m'sieur. You will be made most welcome."

A burst of rude laughter from below reminded me. When M de Veron's eyes closed for ever there would be none to welcome me but a gaoler. Nevertheless, I said: "I will take it to your wife, m'sieur," and then, hot on a flicker of lightning and a peal of thunder, came the innkeeper with water and bandages.

I was looking at M de Veron. "You have been overlong, innkeeper," I said.

He caught his breath, staring at the dead man, and his lips moved in prayer. "Jesu forgive me. They delayed me."

I hardly heard. Should I restore the little box to the body of its owner? I was strangely loth. And yet it would be taken from me. I felt a touch on my sleeve and turned grave eyes upon the innkeeper.

"M'sieur," he whispered, "I took the liberty of sheltering your horse under the pear tree which grows beneath this window. An able-bodied young man might descend by the tree and mount. His horses hooves would not be heard above the thunder."

Here was hope. I clutched his shoulder. "God bless you, innkeeper," I said and never was prayer more fervent.

"I will tell those drinking below that the gentleman is not yet dead," he promised.

"I will remember you, innkeeper."

"In your prayers, m'sieur," he said hastily, forestalling the movement I made to open my purse. At another ribald shout from below he made a sign which was both farewell and God-speed and hurried out. It took but a moment to put the chain with the key about my neck and bestow M de Veron's tiny box upon my person, another to unlatch the shutter. The rain beat upon me as I turned to ease myself into the tree but Valor was there as the innkeeper had promised and, once out of the cobbled court, I whispered into his ear: "Into the storm, Valor, and faster than broomsticked witches!" and felt his great haunches gather and then he had leaped into a fury of wind and rain.

ALREADY it was darkening and as I entered the wood it was inky night relieved only by the flashes of lightning which lighted the narrow road ahead. Tormented branches snatched at my flying cape and tore at my face but Valor's speed never slackened until at last, in mercy, I slowed him to a gentler gait. The storm was passing but the rain still beat upon us and everywhere in the dark was the roar of tumbling water.

At dawn I came to the cross roads. Paris with all its promise lay to the right, to the left lay the home of the widow of M de Veron. Which way should I turn? I was desperately cold and too exhausted for decision and broke through a hedge and behind it set Valor to nibbling the wet, green grass and, in its shelter, lay down and almost at once was asleep and dreaming. In rich dress, my horse gaily caparisoned, I was on my way to Louis's court when something irked me and I woke to find the little box M de Veron had given me thrusting against a rib. The sun was up and there was a confusion of voices on the road beyond the hedge.

Peeping, I beheld something I had heard tell about but scarce believed for I am country born and here was the first private carriage of its kind I had ever seen—a painted thing swung on wheels—two great ones behind and two lesser in the fore and over these latter a solemn driver to hold the reins of the straining horses.

I was so taken up with the jolting contraption that I did not immediately see the little gnome of a man and the beautiful young girl peering from the broad window of the coach. Almost as I set eyes upon them the carriage fell foul of a rut, righted itself, and jolted again. A wheel came off, the carriage tip-tilted, and the girl screamed.

The lackeys riding beside the conveyance were thrown into confusion, the horses drawing it plunged and the dolt who held the reins threw them into fresh terror with his whip. The door flew open and the gnome-like man might have pitched on his head into the mud had I not reached his side in a bound and, steadying him, offered my arm. I guided him out and over the ruts and on to higher ground. He thanked me with a grunt and I turned to see the girl at the coach door, dainty foot hesitating above the slime. I threw my cloak on to the road and offered my hand and, with a dazzling smile, she took my fingers and, light as a fairy, stepped over the cloak to join the breathless old gentleman.

I APOLOGIZED for my disarray, explaining that I had been caught in the storm. The old man flung me a shrewd glance. "I have seen many a peacocked gallant looking less a gentleman," he said drily. The girl whom I took to be his grand-daughter giggled and, clinging to his arm, spoke into his ear and, while the lackeys laboured over the recalcitrant wheel, the pair carried on a whispered conversation. From the glances darted in my direction I was sure that I was the subject of their discussion.

At last the old man nodded in apparent agreement and the girl said: "It is the wish of us both that you travel to Paris with us, m'sieur."

I cared little for the hint of authority but her figure was bewitching, her features dainty and I was young enough to believe that here indeed would be pleasant company for the road. Perhaps a lackey would lead Valor and I would sit beside her in the queer contraption and the jolting would fling us together in the pleasantest intimacy. But as the thought came my hand chanced to contact the bulge which hid the little box M de Veron had given me.

"I regret, mam'selle, my road lies south," I said but with such little conviction the old gentleman made an exclamation of impatience.

"Tut, tut, there is naught in the south for a young man of promise."

"Ride north, m'sieur," the girl said. "You will be made most welcome."

So, M de Veron had said when pleading with me to ride south. "I have no friends in Paris, mam'selle," I protested.

"Psaw!" the gnome scoffed. "We shall see that you make them."

THERE was no doubt that he was a man of consequence. I would be the veriest fool to stand in the way of my own advancement. Within a week, or month, or year de Veron had said, so there was no hurry. I would go to Paris and, my future assured, would find some loyal fellow to take the little box to de Veron's widow. If I rode south now I would put the box in her hands certainly but I would have to give her news of her husband's death. Surely grief could wait. Thus arguing, I turned to the girl, acceptance on my lips but, before I could speak she had taken the matter for settled.

"A lackey shall lead your horse. You will ride in the coach, m'sieur," she said and at once my mind was made up for, with her words had come a look which reminded me of Rinalda. She was small made and Rinalda was tall, she was dark and Rinalda was fair, but they were two of a kind, each bent on disposing of me to their own purpose. I had run from one, I would run from the other.

"I regret, mam'selle," I said firmly, "I ride south."

"I think you did not hear, m'sieur," she said with equal firmness. "You will ride in the coach. A lackey shall lead your horse."

"Mam'selle, you do me honour," I said. "But I have made a promise. I ride south."

"Pah!" Her eyes blazed. "I thought you a gentleman, now I know you a fool."

Unexpectedly the gnome chuckled. "Well, well," he said genially with a mischievous glance. "Some day, m'sieur, you may ride to Paris and honour us with a visit, eh?"

He gave me a name; it was a great name and, stupified that I was in the presence of one so powerful, but too proud to rescind my decision, I gaped like a booby. "Come," the old man called to the girl. "The wheel is in position." Without another word he walked to the coach and stepped in. As for the girl she held her head high, disdaining to look at me, offering no word of farewell, and this time she moved with no fairy grace over my spread cloak but heeled it viciously into the mud to register her vexation.

FOR a few minutes I watched the rumbling coach. Fool she had called me and, the great name buzzing in my head, fool I knew myself to be. I called Valor and when his black muzzle came thrusting through the hedge, stood stroking his satiny hide, reflecting on the decision I had made. There was still time to change my mind but, mounting, I checked temptation and, with grim humour, let the reins lie loosely. Valor ambled on to the muddy road and, without guiding touch, turned south.

"Ah, friend," I said, "at least I have a companion in folly," and, in sudden inexplicable relief, set the pace at a canter.

In two hours I drew rein at an inn which was no more than a wayside hovel and stepping across the threshold set the fawning landlord scurrying for food. The room was low-ceilinged, the floor greasy and, in a spidery corner, a man lolled, his long legs stretched in indolent ease.

"Ho, there, comrade," he called without rising. "You have saved our host's life. Another minute and I'd have slit his throat from sheer boredom."

Although he affected the dress and manner of a gentleman I set him down at best as the black sheep of some impoverished family. But he was an amusing rogue and clearly deceived by my bedraggled appearance made it no secret that he regarded me as one of his kidney who would be prepared to join him in any impudence on the highway. When he learned I was for the south he warned me there would be no profit in it.

"The nearer Paris the more pockets," he said.

"And the more gibbets," I suggested drily.

"Come," he cried in his great voice, "you do not look like one who would shy at a gallows. We are as peas in a pod, comrade. We have the looks and manner of gentlemen and can mingle in goodly company without suspicion. Let us make a partnership."

My indignant lips were framing a retort that would end his imagining and I think something in my glance warned him; nevertheless, as though he had observed nothing, he rose from his seat. "My hand upon it," he said, and with that his fist shot up and caught me under the chin as I sat. The chair toppled and my head struck the stone floor. When I came to myself he was standing over me, gazing at an object he held in his left hand. It was de Veron's little box and, in a burst of anger, I sprang to my feet.

But he had drawn in the same moment and, as our blades crossed, I knew him for no mean swordsman and one, moreover, who would not shun the meanest trick. In the ill-lighted room and on the slippery floor we thrust and parried until, little by little for all his height and reach, I knew I was gaining the advantage. A few more moments and with luck he would feel my point. He showed no fear, however, but taunted me with words and called on the innkeeper to move a chair and give us more play. This, I was to learn, was a signal for almost in the instant of obeying, his wretched accomplice swung the chair at my legs, my feet slipped on the greasy floor and I lay full stretch with the point of my adversary's sword at my throat.

"How now?" he cried with a laugh. "That were villainy indeed, innkeeper, but who am I that I should not profit by perfidy?"

"Your profit will be a hangman's noose unless you restore to me the box you have stolen," I retorted. "And pray do not be misled. Like its contents the box is worthless except to the lady to whom I am pledged to deliver it." In my desperate plight I improvised. "If it be not in her hands in a

week there will be a to-do that will end in a hanging."

The fellow appeared less perturbed by my threat than my suggestion as to the value of the box. Bidding the innkeeper hold a dagger at my throat he carried the box to the light. "There is something in what you say," he said after a careful scrutiny. "The stone is but pretty. I have come on many such by the roadside." He put the box to his ear and shook it. "It is marvellous light."

"It is empty," I said, improvising. "It is but a symbol, meaningless to any but those concerned."

"Ah!" He jumped to a conclusion. "A signal from a lady." He turned the box about in his hands, shook it and shrugged his massive shoulders. "Well, I am nothing if not gallant," he said, and waving the innkeeper aside set one foot on a chair and thus standing, tickled my throat with the point of his sword. "And what am I to be given for such a pretty thing?" he asked, smiling.

"My purse," I promised.

"I could take it, friend."

"My pledge to be silent."

He pondered that and said at last: "You ride south, I north. Two score leagues will separate us before you find any to listen to your story. It is a fair risk."

"It is a great risk," the innkeeper interposed. "Kill him."

"Silence, fool." He surveyed me with an amused glint in his eye. "Throw your sword beyond reach and toss me your purse." When I had done so he weighed the purse in his palm and gave a gusty laugh. "It is a deal, friend," he cried and threw de Veron's box contemptuously at my feet. "You shall have your sword if you swear not to attack. Your thrusts plagued me."

"I swear."

The innkeeper was in a sweat. "You are a madman, Gabot," he cried. "He will come back with soldiers at his heels."

"'Fore God, I could cut out your tongue for speaking names," the other cried in a rage. "I am enough of a gentleman to know one when I see him. He has sworn an oath. There will be no hanging nor burning." He put his fingers in my purse and withdrew a few coins. "You will need something for the road," he said. "Never let it be said I lacked in generosity."

In my pride I would have refused but wiser counsel prevailed. I went outside and he followed, watching me mount. "A noble animal," he said.

"Nobler than most men," I replied and set Valor at a gallop.

FOLLOWING M de Veron's directions I left the highway at length and took a path that led into a deep valley. Soon, instead of rolling meadows, there were deep gorges and rushing ravines and, time and again, Valor's hooves slipped on the edges of crumbling cliffs. Twice I had to remove my clothes and, packing them on the saddle, swim beside my horse across swollen streams.

But, gradually, the land grew more hospitable and we were out of the valley and, in the long distance, as de Veron had promised, was a goodly town set on the side of a hill. I had a vision of a busy street and kindly folk and, though now I had no money for new clothes, there was enough for food and needed rest. But when I rode through the gates there was no challenge, no welcome. In the market place, the stalls were set in neat rows. Most were bare but on others were piles of withered vegetables and rotting fruit. Not a soul stirred. I shouted into the stillness and none answered. Dismounting, I sat on a bench, pondering the mystery; but the silence dismayed me for not only was the market still, it was as if the whole town slept—or had died.

I looked over my shoulder, hopeful of some sign of life and saw a young girl peering from behind a pillar, but when I called she came no nearer. "Come," I encouraged, "there is naught to fear," and, seeing how young she was, believed she might be tempted by curiosity. I drew out M de Veron's little box and turned it over and over, letting the light catch the rainbow stone set in the lid; then I held it out in invitation. At that she emerged and, little by little, advanced. She was a child budding to womanhood and, better fed, had been marvellously pretty.

She was at my side, hand outstretched, eyes shining but as I was wondering what word to say to gain her confidence, she took sudden fright and, snatching the box, fled with it, leaping nimbly over stall after stall. Before I was on my feet she had disappeared up a narrow alleyway between the huddling houses.

Bidding Valor stand, I followed fast and in time to see the girl at the far end of the alley and running madly, the box in her hand. Suddenly a tall fellow in a peaked cap emerged from a doorway and snatched at her as she raced, seizing her arm and hauling her from my sight. The girl shrieked and continued to shriek and then her desperate cry was cut off as with a blow. Drawing my sword I ran up the alley. But the place was a maze and it was difficult to locate the point at which she had disappeared. I tried one alleyway after another and, at last one so dark I stumbled over the girl's body before I saw it. But, seeing it, I was struck with horror for I knew that this poor child had died of her prettiness and the miscreant had added a ghoulish touch to his dreadful deed by stealing from her the bauble she coveted.

"Murder!" I shouted and again: "Murder has been done," hoping some of repute would come hastening; but no curtain stirred, no shutter moved on its hinges, no door opened and there in that silent place I swore I would myself do judgment on a fiend so foul. And sword in hand, I raced from alley to alley, peering, routing among the filth in every cul de sac, prodding at shadowy doorways. And, at last, I was rewarded for as I stood at one end of a narrow street I saw the man in the peaked cap at the other. But he was not running from me but advancing with gait so slow and stilted I slackened pace. Half way down the street he paused and thundered on (*Continued on page* 60)

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a door with his fists.

"In pity's sake, open. It is Godolph. Open, open."

None heeded his desperate plea and I was closing in on him, but careless of my threatening sword he came towards me still with that slow and curious gait like a blind man caught without his stick in an unfamiliar place. His long arms drooped and he stared out of cavernous eyes. Seeing him thus close I was filled with apprehension. Two blue spots appeared with dreadful clarity on his gaunt cheeks and the riddle of the silence was solved. The town was plague-ridden, the godly shut indoors till the monks came with their holy water and sprinkled the streets.

As I retreated before the approaching horror, the man's jaw sagged, his eyes seemed bursting from their sockets and, with a moan, he fell at my feet. Every instinct told me I should run, for the plague could bring death in a flash; but the little box on which M de Veron had so lovingly set his hand was lying defiled upon the body of a murderer and, giving myself no time for reflection, I fell upon my knees and, holding my breath, one arm smothering mouth and nostrils, rummaged blindly among the dead man's garments. My lungs were nigh to bursting as I came upon it. Leaping to my feet I raced back to Valor.

BYPASSING the ill-fated town I told myself that crazy as I had been in risking my freedom, sacrificing my chances of advancement, and impoverishing myself, I had never been so crazy as in the last moments. Fast as I travelled, for all I knew, the plague travelled with me. I drew sudden rein, sobered by the thought that if I arrived too soon I might bestow upon de Veron's widow not only the little box but a mortal sickness.

And so, when I might have raced over fair and pleasant roads, I dawdled, happy but for an inner dread to be among people so hospitable; for now I met many on the road who gave me kindly greeting but with whom I dared not dally. Now proceeding slowly, snatching at any food I could find in the fields, eating it as I rode, I began to wonder about the woman I sought. Was she wife of long standing, equalling de Veron's years? I thought not. "My dear wife," he had murmured and, with youthful cynicism, I reflected that an affectionate wife was something I had yet to see. Remembering de Veron—handsome, virile—I set him down as a man who at a susceptible age had been caught in the meshes of a young and delectable mistress.

When, after several days, I found no sign of the plague upon me, I knew I had been spared and, ravenously hungry, ate at a quiet inn and made discreet inquiries. "You ask what sort of a man is M de Veron, m'sieur," the innkeeper said, "and I give you the answer you will have from all hereabouts. A man brave as a lion, m'sieur, but gentle as a dove."

"And Madame, his wife?"

"An angel, m'sieur."

Towards evening I rode up to the gate of the château. It was of modest dimensions and graceful beauty. A green sward fronted a porch so heavy with growth it had transformed itself into a bower. I saw it first from a distance and caught my breath for there, in the bower surely, was an angel with wings upon her shoulders. Marvelling, I moved closer and saw that what I had taken for wings were wings indeed but belonging to birds that had settled on either shoulder of the young woman who stood, bowl in hand, scattering food to the feathered creatures that clustered at her feet.

Fearful of disturbing a sight so seemly, I halted. I had made no sound but her head lifted and she stood, listening. Her voice came, soft and inviting. "You are welcome, m'sieur." She placed the bowl on a bench at her side, watching me as I led Valor towards her. I was a stranger and a scarecrow. I might have been another Gabot, intent on robbery and rapine but she did not flinch. Her glance fell to my muddied boots and upward over my travel-stained cape and I hastened to assure her that I was on an honest mission.

"Madame, I have come from M de Veron."

For the first time her eyes and mine met and I found them strangely calm and peaceful. And in that moment my heart told me that it had all been worth while. If this was the one and only time I was to look upon this girl, if today or tomorrow she could be for me nothing but a memory, it had still been a hundred times worth while for, whispering in my ear, I heard de Veron's voice. "You will look into her eyes and you will know."

Aeons seemed to pass before I heard my voice. "M de Veron asked me to deliver this little box."

She did not speak but extended her hand and took the box and held it lovingly between her fingers. Her head bowed and I believed she was praying. She said at length: "You bring sad news, m'sieur?"

"Alas, madame. M de Veron is dead."

It must have cost her something to raise her head and control her voice but she did both. "I fear your journey has wearied you, m'sieur." She called softly and an ancient hobbled from the house behind her. "Simon, take good care of m'sieur's horse." To me she said: "I beg you will take this seat and give us a few moments to compose ourselves, m'sieur. Presently I shall return and take you to my mother."

Her mother, she had said. This then was not Madame de Veron. My heart leaped and, impatient for her return, I counted the long minutes. At last she came and with a gesture, innocent and child-like, took my fingers and led me through the darkening house to a high and spacious room. At one end standing beside a rosewood table, Madame de Veron waited and here, I thought, is a lady-beautiful a man might be proud to call mother. Her face was touched with the same calm dignity which characterized the features of her daughter and, as I now remembered, those of M de Veron himself.

"Madame," I said bowing. "I am desolated that I should bring tidings so ill."

In her hands she held the little box and I saw that on the table beside her there rested another which was its counterpart. "You have brought us something which will assuage our grief, m'sieur," she said and glanced lightly at my dress. "At what cost to yourself I can only surmise." She turned to her daughter. "Celine, will you please arrange m'sieur's accommodation?"

"I would not intrude upon your sorrow, madame. . . ." It was useless to protest. Mam'selle Celine had gone and Madame de Veron was saying: "You will be doing us a further favour, m'sieur. Presently I shall beg time for private grief but later we shall crave your indulgence. There is much we desire to ask."

"As you wish, madame." I remembered the key her husband had given me and took it from about my neck and handed it to her. The sweetest smile touched her lips and she fitted the key to the little box and spilled the contents of the box upon the table.

"Rose leaves," she said. They were withered but the scent of them still lingered. "It was our daughter's whim, m'sieur," she went on. "When my husband left on his mission Celine brought us these two little boxes. 'Each day you shall place rose leaves in the box for remembrance,' she begged. It will ease her heart to know that her father remembered." Her eyes glistened with tears withheld. "Celine made the little boxes with her own hands, fashioning them through long and loving hours. Who were we, though already we loved so much, to make light of her whim?" She met my gaze boldly. "I must tell you, m'sieur, because many do not even guess. Our daughter is blind."

A LACKEY poured steaming water into a tub and set new clothes upon the bed of a pleasant chamber. Everything was done for my comfort but, in the next few days, I saw nothing of the ladies though they sent me gracious messages praying that it would suit my convenience to remain at the château. When at last I talked with them they spoke of M de Veron without visible grief but with loving desire for any crumb of comfort. I related such things as would not tend to reopen healing wounds but not all things to them both. When, however, I was alone with Madame de Veron I told her how her husband had asked me if I was married and how he had said that when I met the woman with whom I would wish to spend my life I would know at once. I would look in her eyes and I would know.

"It has come true, Madame," I said simply. "When I heard Mam'selle Celine's voice I almost believed. When I saw her I was certain."

Her hand touched her heart but not in alarm, nor did she show great surprise. "Celine is a lovely girl, m'sieur," she said and added: "but she is blind."

"I shall see for both," I promised.

She walked a little apart, pondering. At last she said: "My husband declared his love for me with suddenness, too, m'sieur, and our married life was one of enduring happiness. But Celine is blind and that you must remember. If you truly love her you will not speak yet. I beg you bide with us a few weeks so that you may come to know each other; then, m'sieur, ride away without promise of return. If in a year your heart bids you return, I will give you welcome."

IN twelve months I rode again towards the château. My impatient heart beating wildly, I urged Valor to the gallop; then, as the château came in sight, I drew rein that I might compose myself for the meeting ahead. The day had arranged itself for my delight and a merry sun warmed the daisy field through which I rode. All was still but for the call of birds upon the wing until Valor's head shot up and he neighed and, standing in the field, I saw Celine. She came running towards me.

"It is you," she cried. "Long since I heard your horse and wondered—and hoped. Now I know."

How could she know for I had not spoken? How could she know unless her heart told her? I sprang from the saddle and kissed her hand. "Celine," I said, who had never before dared more than "mademoiselle." "Celine. . ."

"I have been making daisy chains," she said in some confusion. "It was a fair morning—see, here is one for your horse." With unerring instinct she looped it about Valor's neck. "Now, I must pick more," she went on. "Will you help, m'sieur?"

"Gladly. If you will make me a chain also."

Laughing she obeyed and at last it was done and she rose with it in her hands. We were so close I think she must have heard my heart. "Celine," I whispered. "Think of me. Picture me. What manner of a man do you see?"

I could hardly hear her reply, so softly the words came. "I pray you, m'sieur. Do not press me. It is my secret." The colour that flooded her cheek told me all I longed to know.

"Celine," I said in a whisper. "Dear Celine . . ." and bowed my head and thanked God. I was so near her I caught the sweetness of her breath and knew the warmth of her dear person. The daisy chain fell about my shoulders, tougher than any fibre, stronger than any steel.

END

Painting Flowers

(*Continued from page* 28)

time, selecting the flower fitting in colour and movement into the pattern of her composition—building up a dream of beauty—that never existed in reality.

This synthetic method might explain why we can find so often flowers from every season together on Dutch flower paintings. Apple blossoms and daffodils mingle with poppies, carnations and autumn flowers.

Talking of the Dutch who introduced the vogue for flower paintings in the seventeenth century, it always seems odd that the love of flowers should have sprung up in a northerly country first. The long and sunless winters and a dreary, misty and rainy climate must have produced in artist, connoisseur and grower a particular love for the passing

beauty of flowers that needed such great care to rear.

But the first in Western Europe who experienced pleasure in painting flowers were those skilled and patient artists who decorated the margins of Dutch, Flemish and French Missals and Books of Hours with their exquisite floral designs in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

And so flower painting is a late-comer as far as the Arts are concerned. But it has come to stay, it draws wider and wider circles and the more restless and mechanized our times are getting—the greater the individual's desire for some kind of refuge of peace and beauty.

Whoever has tried to spend a day with a rose, a parrot tulip or any wild flower, will confirm the complete happiness that comes to the flower painter at work. In the end it does not matter whether your picture or study deserves framing or not.

This, perhaps, is the answer to anyone who says, "Oh, how I should love to be able to paint flowers, but I can't paint a stroke!" You may not be able to produce the equivalent of a Redouté or a Van Gogh, but Grandma Moses and Madame Delacroix and all the other "modern primitives" have shown that there are many different kinds of excellence in painting. Anyway, what does it matter if you are dissatisfied with your painting, if you have enjoyed the attempt?

As with a good many other endeavours the painting of flowers, the contact with beauty, the striving for achievement is its own reward.

END

The Place You Are Looking For

(*Continued from page 9*)

lmost certainly find (if it is a terrace house) that the back bedroom nd sitting-room windows are too small, and the larder (so-called) is stuffy little place under the stairs.

To put all these things to rights will cost you approximately £800.

It is just this sum for which the government is prepared to pay alf, namely £400. Should the improvements cost only £600 then you ould receive a grant of £300 and so on down to a minimum expendiire of £100.

Four hundred pounds is the limit of the Grant except in very ecial circumstances.

Assuming that you have already spent £1,100 on the original perty, a further £800 added brings the total value up to £1,900, t since the government will pay you £400 in the form of a grant, hich is entirely yours with no strings attached, (save compliance th a few formal requirements) your outlay is reduced to the sum £1,500.

The builder who carries out the work will generally ask to be paid monthly instalments, but the grant will be paid in two instalments £200 each, the cheques being made payable direct to the owner. special arrangement with the local authority payments of the ant may be made at more frequent intervals.

It must however be emphasized that the grant applies only to *provements* and not to repairs. A careful distinction should be made tween these two.

The building of a new bathroom where none existed before, the stallation of a complete hot and cold water supply where previously there was only an old kitchen range with side boiler, the building of dditional bedroom accommodation; all these are typical Improveents.

Repairs are quite a different matter.

SUPPOSING the ceiling of one room is in a very dilapidated condition, the joists sagging, the plasterwork half down. To put this into good condition is a repair under the Act. If however, that same ceiling were pulled down and entirely renewed to comply with the new by-laws as regards height it becomes an Improvement and thus qualifies for the grant.

Or again, take a country house with its own septic tank drainage system. If it becomes necessary to re-line the tank because of leakage and to trace and renew defective drains, it is designated a repair, but if the only sanitation were dry closets and a completely new septic tank and drains built; this is an Improvement.

Now one last and frequently recurring example.

A window with rotten woodwork and possibly a fractured arch over. In the ordinary run of work this is solely a repair job, but should that same window be taken out and replaced with a new window to comply with the by-laws, (possibly the old window was placed so that the top was less than five feet nine inches above the floor, or the opening space was not correct) it becomes an improvement at once.

In no case can works of painting and decorating be regarded as improvements except where it is necessary to complete works of Improvement.

It will be seen that to distinguish between what the government looks upon as repairs and improvements requires a fair amount of technical knowledge and experience except in the most straightforward cases.

If the proposed improvements are likely to involve structural complications it would be as well to have recourse to the services of a qualified architect or surveyor, who will not only solve the structural problems but will also carry out the routine work of form filling and submission of plans.

The architect's fees for these services will vary between six to nine per cent of the value of the work as executed, but here again the government will come to your aid and include the value of the fees so paid as a part of the cost of Improvement.

END

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Easy-to-make Wrap And Blouse (*Continued from page 25*)

outline a circle with tacking thread with a radius of 27 inches from the centre. Check up with your tape measure every two or three inches to make sure it is a perfect circle. Cut just outside this line. Repeat the same operation with the lining, but without cutting round the circle.

Turn in about ⅜ inch all round and over it place the edge of the kilting or gathered petersham edging. Sew together with fairly small running stitches. Place the lining carefully in position and pin. Cutting the edge of the lining as you go, turn in and slip stitch on top of the kilting. Do not cut out the entire circle first in case you have not made the circle exact, and keep smoothing the circle flat as you go.

Now for the armholes. Down the length of one of the first two tacked lines, measure 15 inches and mark the place with a tack (X). Measure 7 inches to the left and right of this and mark again (A and B). Nine inches below the 15-inch mark make another mark (Y), then to either side make two more tacked marks (C and D).

Cut slits between A and C, and B and D. Tack firmly round these slits, closely at top and bottom, and about 3 inches away at the sides. Try on the cloak, then cut away as much as you want from the slits to make an easy fit. You will, of course, cut away more from the front than the back.

Turn in the edges so that the raw edges face inside; tack, then slip-stitch neatly all round. At top and bottom of armholes, where the curve is sharp, you may not be able to get a very good turn in, so strengthen this with buttonhole stitch. Pull out the tacking threads and the cloak is finished.

If you are making up the wrap in felt or wool, in single thickness, you can either sew on the trimming and cover the join with braid, or omit any sewing at all by using the pinking shears!

THE BLOUSE

A blouse to fit a 36–38 inch bust can be made from 1¼ yards of 36-inch material. The only extras you will need are matching sewing thread and press studs.

First cut the pattern from strong paper, following the diagram on p. 25, placing the 20-inch folded line on the fold of the paper, so that the pattern is double. For the time being ignore the neck shaping.

To cut out, fold the material in half widthways. Place the top edge of the pattern to the fold of the material, pin and cut out. Cut out the triangular pieces at either side of the shoulder line to make the sleeve shaping. Cut up the centre of the top half of blouse from the bottom as far as the fold. Now cut away part indicated for neck shaping.

Make the darts as indicated in the fronts. Repeat at back if required and make another similar dart in centre back.

Join the cut edges at the sloping sleeve lines, and side seams with a French or an open seam. Cut 2 strips of material from the remainder of the material, each 17 inches long and 1½ inches wide. Use these to face back each front edge, making a 1-inch finishing facing. Finish off the top edge at the front neatly as this will show in the finished blouse.

Slip-stitch a narrow hem neatly all round the armholes. Make a hem round bottom edge of blouse. Now try on the blouse and if necessary make the small darts indicated near the shoulders on the chart. You may need to alter slightly their position to suit your figure. You may also find that the arm opening of the sleeve is a little too wide. If so, simply sew up the opening for an inch or so from the bottom.

For the tie, cut a piece of material 42 inches by 5 inches. Turn in all edges for ¼ inch, tack and press. Now, 16 inches from one end of the tie, tack to the neck on the right side of the blouse, starting just inside the faced edge of the neck of the blouse front. Tack along the right front neck, across the back of neck, curving down to approximately ½ in. at centre back and up again to the other shoulder to correspond, along the left front neck to just short of the facing. Machine or back stitch along the tacked line. Fold the tie in half lengthways, tack and press. Slipstitch neatly across the short ends, then slip stitch right along length of the tie ends and round the neck, working exactly over the previous row of stitching. Press well and then sew on press studs.

(*Designs by Vivien Ingham*)

END

Snow Along The Bough (*Continued from page 27*)

"I felt kind of ashamed when they did that, even in the middle of the pain," said Bob.

Then they bandaged his leg, and when they'd finished with him he put on what was left of his trousers—one leg and half the waist. Then he walked to the hospital and reported himself before he fainted. He was a grand chap was Bob; he used to sit outside his house whittling sticks into little wooden dolls for the girls, and boats for the boys, for there weren't any bought toys in Cherry Garden Street.

Bob came and looked over Jim's shoulder.

"What's the Professor doing tonight?" he asked, but there was no scorn in his gentle mockery. The neighbours were proud of Jim who had won a scholarship. To see him going down the street in a fine cap and carrying a satchel somehow conveyed a distinction on them all.

"I've got to learn a poem," said Jim.

"Oh, poitry," said Bob, scratching his head reflectively. "I know one." His whole face sobered, his voice flattened its natural tones, and he began to recite:

"It was the schooner Hesperous that sailed
the wintry sea,
And the skipper had taken his little
daughter to bear him company."

He faltered, and his natural grin slid over his assumed mask.

"That's all I can remember," he admitted.

"This isn't a poem like that, Bob," said Jim. "It doesn't tell a story, but it's got a lovely sound. Listen.

"Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is white with snow along the bough. . . ."

Grandfer got up slowly from his chair and came over to the table.

"I see a cherry orchard once," he said, with a faraway look in his eyes. "It were just like that, 'white with snow along the bough.'"

Jim turned on his back in the water and idly flipped his toes. Mum wouldn't half be wild if she could see him, besides he ought to be doing his homework, but it was such a lovely afternoon and the thought of the dark, stuffy room stifled him. He'd got to write an essay called "My Street!" Well, he could think it out and write it down when he got home.

A cluster of white cloud blossomed in the blue sky that draped the wharf with beauty. It reminded him of the poem he had learned last night. "White with snow along the bough," he murmured.

"My Street," he said aloud. "My street is very beautiful. It has a double row of little trees that walk down the pavement. In the spring they wear white capes of cherry blossom, and in the winter white cloaks of snow."

The fantasy suddenly slipped from him, and he saw his surroundings in all their squalid ugliness. At the same moment a passionate determination formed in him. One day he would live in surroundings of real beauty. To that end he would work hard and long.

He closed his eyes and floated gently with the current, and didn't see the figure that stole in and out of the piled clothes left by the boys on the wharf.

The sun went in and it began to get cold. Jim was the last to come out. He lay on his back, kicking up the water, watching the boys drying themselves on their shirts, and heard them laughing. They rocked, they screamed, they fell down in a torment of merriment, they pointed at Jim.

He'd better go and see what it was about. He soon found out. They couldn't speak for laughing, but pointed to the spot where his clothes had been, and in their place there lay a neatly folded baby's napkin. It was Mum's doing, he'd know that washing anywhere! It was the whitest in Cherry Garden Street. He picked it up. Pinned to the napkin with a large safety-pin was a piece of paper in Mum's writing.

THIS WILL LERN YOU.

Jim didn't think it as funny as the other boys did. He was mad at Mum. How did she think he was going to walk through the streets in nothing but a nappie, he'd rather go naked.

"Then the copper will run yer in," said Ted.

"Well, s'long. We ain't goin' to walk home along of you like that anyway." And still splitting their sides with laughter, his mates left him.

Jim sat, naked and furious on the wharf. He looked at the river as if for help, then with a whoop of joy he was in the water again, and swimming out to a barge piled with empty casks that had been full of grapes. Grabbing one, and pushing it before him as he swam, he clambered back up the Stairs. It was but a moment's work to knock the bottom out of the cask. He slipped it over his head. To his relief it came down almost to his knees, and the rim circled his shoulders like a wide ruff. He looked down into the water, grinned at his reflection, then picking up the napkin, and tucking it under his arm, he marched off home in triumph.

Jim lay in the water moving his toes gently up and down. The hot steam from his bath clouded the room with a vapour as tenuous as his thoughts as he lay trying to relax and rest himself for the big function tonight. He was tired, and he was getting old, and it all seemed a lot of unnecessary fuss making him a Freeman of the Borough of Rotherhithe. He'd much rather stay here quietly all day, and walk down through the cherry orchard, which was in full bloom now, and sit down by the river, and listen to the distant sound of the torrent sweeping over the weir as if in a hurry to rush down to purify the turgid stream that lipped its greasy mouth at the foot of Hanover Stairs.

He knew the sort of speeches that would be made, he'd heard them so many times, and only half of them held the truth, or at least they held only half the truth.

Rotherhithe was proud of him, and the almost legendary story of his success would be retold tonight. How the bright scholarship boy had to leave school through force of circumstances and become the breadwinner for the family. How he had started with a capital sum of tuppence, bought with it a tin of brass polish and walked all the way to Lewisham, cleaning door-knockers and brass plates on the way, and with the money buying his first barrow-load of firewood, until today his timber yards and warehouses stood in every big port and town.

Somebody would be sure to call him a self-made man, but he put it differently to himself. He wasn't self made. He was self-realized, and it had been a painful process.

Then somebody else would ask him what was the secret of his success, and he would have to make a speech in reply. Reticent about his inward self he nevertheless felt a compelling desire to introduce this other Jim to them in his speech tonight, to say: "Look, this successful man you know, this money-grubber, this materialist is only the Siamese-twin of my soul." This revelation would be painful and difficult for him, but he was

impelled to do it for the sake of the young men who would be present, who would, by the very example of his success, be led to think that material things were the most worth striving for, and that this was the goal towards which his whole life had bent.

He hadn't started out with the idea of becoming a rich man. He had loved beauty, and money was the goddess that threw the lovely things into his lap, so he had courted her.

"Things, things," he muttered wearily. His life had been so cluttered up with things that there hadn't been room in it for love, the most beautiful thing of all.

He remembered his wife. How lovely she had been. Not only her face was beautiful, but her disposition was warm and generous, with a golden spontaneity of delight which was her most winning quality.

The shock of his divorce rankled in him yet. It was only lately he had come to know himself more blameworthy than she. He had tarnished her brightness by his cold neglect, and in her desolation she had turned for comfort to another.

Through the steam the handsome appointments of the bathroom gleamed, but his mind jumped the gap of years and he remembered the small dark house in the squalid street where he had lived as a boy. Suddenly the eyes of his spirit saw that the beauty of it lay not in its name, "Cherry Garden Street," which he had pursued like a will-o-the-wisp all his life, but in people like Matt, whom he hadn't thought of for years. Poor Matt, with his face caked with sweat and coaldust. Matt who cheered the poor drabs of Cherry Garden with the jolly music from his accordion.

The steam became a living cloud, wreathing reproachful faces. Bob was there too, whittling sticks for the kids and putting toys into their skinny little hands.

Suddenly he knew what he would say in his speech. He would say: "It is squalor and not beauty that is only skin deep. Beauty is the bone and sinew of life. As a boy years ago I had perceptions of beauty under the skin of life, intimations of the tenderness that is hidden in the roughest man, the quality of friendship and loving-kindness that lay under the dingy surface-life of our street, but I made a mistake and tried to buy things to make life beautiful, and I only succeeded in making it empty."

Fatalistically he foresaw their reaction to his speech. He would have thought that way himself if he hadn't known the truth. He also would have said: "It's all very well for him to talk when he's made his pile."

Jim got out of his bath and shrugged on his bathrobe. The rheumatism in his left leg ached unmercifully.

"H'm, I'm getting old; believe I'm cracking up," he muttered to himself.

He dressed, carefully tying his white tie and, handsome and immaculate, went out into the hall. He walked across the thick pile carpet and stood beside a small grape cask which, unadorned and incongruous in its splendid surroundings, nevertheless seemed to him to hold a dignity of its own. He chose from it a gold mounted walking stick, and chuckling for a moment at the memory of his mother, squared his shoulders and walked down the steps to the waiting car.

As it speeded silently down the drive Jim caught a glimpse of the Thames, cutting a silver chasm through the twilight meadows, and he remembered Hanover Stairs, and the dirty water, and his feeling of excitement and anticipation as he pulled his striped flannel shirt over his head, and kicked his patched trousers to the side of the wharf.

END

Stars And A Song (*Continued from page 34*)

your delight was his delight. But none of that meant being in love with Archie. She'd had it out with herself a long time ago, before she met Philip even, for anybody with a grain of sense would recognize that being in love with Archie was no use at all since he wasn't the sort of person whom you could possibly marry.

"Fran," Father had said, a little hesitantly, for he rarely interfered, "you know we all love Archie, but I don't know—you're growing up now; maybe you're seeing too much of him, all this riding, out with him for days at a time, in and out of the cottage. . . ."

Mother, who had coppery hair and a spirit to match, flashed a glance at him.

"But if we all love him, we all love him. Fran, too. So what's all this about seeing too much of Archie, etc., etc.?"

Father looked wry but stood his ground as he usually did. "I wouldn't want Fran to mean loving Archie in terms of wanting to marry him—nor for Archie to have the same sort of idea about Fran. Would you?"

"If they loved each other that way," said Mother calmly.

BUT Fran knew exactly what Father meant. Archie lived alone in a cottage on the green, looking after himself, keeping his little place most fastidiously neat and clean—that was unexpected somehow, you'd think Archie would be quite content to live in a shambles of untidiness. Behind the cottage were the stables where he kept the horses by means of which he earned a living, giving riding lessons, hiring them out; also he schooled and broke in horses; and when business was slack he occupied himself with his painting—not for profit, merely for his own pleasure.

"But why don't you sell them?" Frances had demanded more than once, when his finances were at a low ebb.

He eyed his pictures with loving pride and shook his head. "Why should I?"

"To make some money, of course."

Another time she'd said: "Why don't you go away, get a proper job somewhere?"

He stared at her. "What sort of a job?"

"Oh, anything, there must be heaps of things you could do."

"But I've got plenty to do," he said with the smile which could turn your heart over. "I've got the horses and my painting."

"But you don't make any money; half these people don't pay you, and mostly you lose at the races."

"Oh—money!" said Archie, "I've got everything I need—who wants money?"

"If you wanted to get married," Fran began, and suddenly blushed and for the first time ever felt embarrassed with Archie.

"Hm," he said, laying a stroke of paint on the canvas—one of his exquisite airy pictures of the willows, pale gold in the pale gold autumn sunshine with the hills hazed in a pearly distance.

He gave her a sudden swift glance. "Who would want to marry me, anyway?"

Her heart cried, "I would, my darling, I would," so clearly that she wondered if she had said it aloud, then thought of saying it aloud; but she'd been very young then, a little baffled by the situation which had developed. She didn't know what to do with it, so she'd said:

"Oh, you!" and flounced away.

Archie was hopeless, people said, but they adored him just the same; he'd come trotting through the village, in breeches, an elegantly shabby jacket, a canary yellow pullover, his cap pulled on sideways.

"That Archie!" people said, but they smiled as he passed by—everybody had a smile for Archie.

But he wasn't, oh definitely, he wasn't the sort of man you would marry, however much you loved him. But she didn't love him, of course, not in that way; he was her oldest, dearest friend, no more. After all, what should we live on?

"With you to look after him," suggested her treacherous heart, "you'd see to it that he got paid for his work; he's too kind, too easy, he trusts people too much; you'd see to it that he didn't put all he possessed on some outsider at the races; you could arrange that he sold his pictures—you know they're good, that man who came from London said they were good—it's only because Archie can't be bothered."

Oh, no, no, I'm not interested, I simply couldn't cope, and besides—and this was what she had told herself over and over again until at last she believed it—besides, I'm not in love with Archie. And after she met Philip it was easy to dismiss all she felt for Archie as childish nonsense.

PHILIP was everything which Archie was not; tall and dark and somehow glossy, in a nice way, of course, something to do with his shining smooth black hair and his fresh smooth skin; Archie was slight and not very tall, dustily blonde, tanned skin drawn over a haggard face, oddly grim for one who was not in the least grim by nature—until he smiled and the sun came out. Yes, but you're thinking about Philip, remember?

Philip was the managing director of the factory where they wove withies into baskets and chairs. He was hardworking, earnest, and therefore, prosperous—he had his house and a large fast car. She found that she was back again at that mental exercise of rather anxiously totting up Philip's good points; he was generous—not uncalculatingly so, like Archie, who would give you his last penny without a thought of repayment; when Philip took her out for the evenings she always felt that he had worked out beforehand exactly how much he was prepared to spend.

And what's wrong about that? Nothing, nothing—anyway, Archie had never taken her out in that way because he never had the money to do it; his idea of an outing was a day on horseback in the hills, a couple of sandwiches and an apple stuffed into your pocket, maybe a glass of beer in a country pub on the way home. But what fun, what heavenly fun those days had been, Archie's blue eyes laughing beneath the peak of his cap, the wind in her hair as they galloped.

But wasn't it much more comfortable to go up on the hills in a fast car, sitting in it, not getting out?

"B-r-r, the wind is cold," Philip would say, winding up the window, so that you didn't catch the faint, wild smell of the heather and the bracken.

Remember the time you and Archie saw the dragonflies hovering over the dewpond? Yes, and remember, will you, all the times you got wet to the skin and frozen with cold and Archie showed no concern at all? Philip always wrapped the rug around her. "Quite comfortable?" he'd say as though she'd been an invalid out for an airing.

And this afternoon, he'd said: "Fran, we've known each other for a long time now. You must know that I love you. I want you to marry me." And without waiting for a reply he'd produced a glossy little notebook and leafed through it.

"Let me see now, not before Christmas, I'm afraid. I shall be very busy until then—but in the spring. What about quite early in the spring?"

It was right then that she'd had that shocking moment of feeling that she must escape or go mad. Nothing to do with Philip—the heat of the room, the overpowering smell of the flowers, and something in the echo of those words: "quite early in the spring." Snowdrops in the orchard, a breath of violets, a robin on the bare bough of an apple tree, a pellucid February sky—that was what you meant by "quite early in the spring." Did she imagine that he'd said: "I think I can fit it in quite early in the spring"—like some business deal to be briskly arranged?

"We might slip over to Paris," he went on, "then we'd come back here and settle down."

"Settle down, settle down!" The words rang like a knell; no more weekends at home, no more mornings spent with Archie in the stables. Well, that wasn't important, of course, Archie (*Continued on page 64*)

meant nothing to her; it was just that at that moment the plushy room overcame her and she'd fled. She'd tell Philip she was sorry when she rang up, no doubt he was deeply offended. Besides, he always liked her to ring and tell him that she had arrived safely.

He never seemed to be able to understand that since the time when she was a very little girl she'd been quite capable of taking care of herself. It was nice, rather, to be petted and treated as though you were a frail blossom—nice, until you got to the suffocated stage.

THE bus stopped and she scrambled down the stairs, walked down the lane with Price who told her all about the fox they had killed on Tuesday in Oakleigh covert. Mother, who was in the kitchen ironing, said :

"Hallo, darling. Food now, or later?"

"Later," said Frances. "I had a massive tea with Philip."

Noel, aged ten, sat at a corner of the table, pretending to do his homework.

"Did you bring me anything?" he demanded.

"Has he been good?"

"As good as he knows how to be, and that isn't saying much," said Mother.

He gave her a wicked grin. "You know I'm your little angel boy. I'm Fran's little angel brother."

He grabbed at the parcel which she slid across to him.

"Not stamps again, I hope—you always bring me the ones that I've got. Archie gave me a knife yesterday, a real man's knife."

"Oh, my dear, let me tell you about Archie," said Mother, iron in mid-air.

"I don't want to hear anything about Archie," Frances said sharply. "I came to tell you that Philip asked me to marry him and all you can talk about is Archie."

Mother bent over the ironing-board. "And are you going to? You'll have a sheltered comfortable life, if that's what you really want."

"Oh, you've never liked Philip," Frances cried. "Why don't you like him? He's kind, he—he's good-looking, he has a good job, he takes life seriously—he'll take care of me."

It seemed a dull list of virtues. "What makes you think you want taking care of?" Mother demanded with a glint in her eyes. "Do you think I married your father because he was kind, good-looking, had a good job, and so on? My dear, he's usually far too preoccupied with other people to remember to be kind to me, you wouldn't say he's all that good-looking, and I'm sure it has never once occurred to him that I need taking care of."

"Then why did you marry him?" said Fran.

"Because I loved him," said Mother simply.

There seemed to be no answer to that, or rather, she felt that there was an answer but she couldn't find it. She said :

"Sorry to be so cross, darling. I don't know what's wrong with me this evening!"

Then she went upstairs to the little room which overlooked the orchard. In the spring you looked down into a paradisal world of apple blossom and all the world was fresh.

Slowly, her mind busy, she changed into the corduroy slacks and the yellow sweater which she wore at home; presently she would go and telephone Philip, but somehow it didn't seem urgent. This always happened when she came home. Philip became vague and unreal, someone who had no part in her life.

Just what had happened to Archie now? But she didn't want to know, not really; for whatever it was, it could be no concern of hers.

SHE heard Noel come clattering heavily up the uncarpeted oak stairs. He gave a perfunctory thump at the door, came in before she could reply.

"You might as well hear about Archie," he said. "Somebody is sure to tell you."

"All this fuss," Fran grumbled. "Tell me then. I don't suppose it's anything much."

"Perhaps he'll go to prison," Noel said, and her heart gave a sickening slide.

"I don't know why I listen to your silly stories," she said, but his round face was troubled and she knew that something had gone badly wrong, for Noel, like everybody else, loved Archie.

"Here, sit down. Tell me properly."

But he wouldn't sit, he prowled about the room, kicking at a chair leg, at the desk, pouring out some confused story about a horse and barbed wire and the river and Lady Hadley.

"I don't understand a word of it," Frances cried. "Whatever it is, I don't believe it," but she flew down the stairs in search of Mother.

"Tell me about Archie."

"I thought you didn't want to know."

"Oh, Mother, angel, don't be hoity-toity with me. Some nonsense Noel has been telling me—I must know."

"It's not nonsense," said Mother moodily. "He had a horse to school for Lady Hadley; it broke out of the stable somehow, got mixed up with some barbed wire, fell in the river in the dark and got drowned. Now Lady Hadley is demanding the price of the horse or she'll sue him, she says. In any case she's out to ruin him. Says he's not fit to be in charge of animals."

"Oh, the fool—Archie, I mean," Frances cried passionately. "But why does Noel talk about prison?"

"Oh, Noel," said Mother. "Though I suppose if she brought a case against him and won it and he couldn't pay. . . . Obviously he was to blame—careless or something. But he'll be able to pay, the question doesn't arise."

"Give me a cigarette," said Frances. "How can he pay? He never has any money."

Mother gave her a half smile. "My dear, you know how people are about Archie. We had a whip round in the village, we scraped it together—most of it, anyway."

"But why didn't you let me know?" Frances cried. This was where her two lives didn't merge. This was a situation which Philip would never understand. She couldn't imagine herself telling him about it—he'd be solidly and sternly on the side of Lady Hadley.

And just because of that other Frances who lived in town and was going to marry Philip, they'd left her out, they hadn't told her when Archie was in real trouble and needed her.

"Oh, why didn't you tell me, why didn't you ring me up?" she repeated.

"Well, there's Philip," Mother pointed out. "If you're going to marry Philip, what happens to Archie need no longer bother you."

ACROSS the kitchen their eyes met, some message passed between which Frances didn't for the moment grasp. All she really knew was that Archie was in trouble; Archie needed her now; Archie who would be forever her concern.

"I must see him," she said.

"I'll come. I want to see him too," Noel cried joyfully.

"You stay here with me," said Mother firmly and under cover of his loud protestations Frances turned and ran, but at the end of the long stone passage she ran into Father, who was just coming in.

"I'm going to see Archie," she cried, breathlessly.

He put his hands on her shoulders, held her, looking into her face.

"So long as you realize what you're doing, Fran. Pitying him is no good—but pity can be very dangerous."

"Oh, I don't pity him," she cried. "I'm going to tell him what an idiot he is. I'm furious with him."

Father let her go, gave her a small, queer smile. "It's your life, I suppose, my dear," he said. "Would it be any use if I forbade you to go?"

She shook her head, smiling too. "Don't, darling. Let me work this out in my own way; if I make a mistake it will be my own fault."

HE nodded as though he understood but as she hurried out of the house, across the orchard, through the long grass heavy with dew, through the gap in the hedge which she always used when she went to the cottage, she was not sure what there was to understand.

What had they been trying to say to each other, she and Father? Something important, but her mind wouldn't grapple with it. What had they meant? Why had it all seemed so grave and significant? She was going to see Archie. She wanted to help him, and after all anyone would do so much for a friend, there was no special significance about that.

He was crossing the cobbled yard from the stables, a storm lantern in his hand.

"Hallo, Fran," he said. He sounded quite calm. Her sense of high drama faded a little. But what did you expect?

Archie in despair, in the dust and ashes of repentance? You should know him better than that.

"Tell me about this horse," she said. "How could you be so careless?"

"You've never known me careless with the horses," he retorted. "This was a wild creature, quite unbroken. In the night it simply kicked and battered down the doors of the stable. And that was that. Anyway," he added, "don't let it bother you, it's not your concern."

There was an unusual edge to his normally moderate voice, a grimness which shocked and startled her.

"Archie," she said. And suddenly, without quite knowing how it happened, she was in his arms, and they were holding each other close.

His jacket had that sweet, wild smell of heather, of bracken, of rain on the larch trees. Then abruptly he stood her away from him.

"This is a fine thing, and you going to marry Philip."

"I'm not going to marry Philip," she heard herself say. There it was, something which perhaps she had always known, since she didn't want anything which Philip could offer her, not the comfort nor the security, because of course she had never been in love with Philip.

ARCHIE looked at her, frowning. "Fran, this has nothing to do with you, this spot of bother, I mean. If you think you're trying to help, being sorry for me——"

"I'm not at all sorry for you," she retorted. "I think you're a perfect idiot, mostly. Drifting along, letting people owe you money, giving it all away when you have it, getting yourself into trouble."

"Nothing whatever to do with you," he insisted stubbornly. "You marry Philip, go and live in that nice house of his, keep out of my affairs. I'll get along all right."

"Not without me you won't," she said sternly, and he gave a cracked little laugh.

"Oh, Fran, you don't realize what you're saying. Go away. Leave me alone. I can't give you any sort of life."

She touched his thin cheek with a finger in the lightest caress. "Once, a long time ago, I remember you said: 'Who would marry me?' I knew the answer then. I don't know why I didn't tell you, it would have saved a lot of bother. I would, darling, if you'd only ask me to."

"Oh, Fran." He leaned his forehead for a moment against hers. "Always, since you were a little girl, my love and my darling, didn't you know? But I'm a poor exchange for Philip."

"There's a piece, if I could remember it," said Fran. "'Others have given me bread, You gave me stars and a song'—that's what I mean."

"It's useful to have bread," said Archie wryly.

She shook her head with a small wise smile; Archie, she knew, brought richer gifts, for with his love he brought the galaxy of the stars, laughter blown on the wind, the song of a bird at dawn. . . .

END

New Trails To Sun And Snow (*Continued from page 31*)

day. Les Trois Vallée and Les Tovets cost about 1,500 francs per day and are equally good though in a more modest way. Courcheval is accessible from Moutiers by the excellent Alpine Motor Coach Service.

Alpe-d'Huez in the Dauphiny Alps now ranks as one of France's finest high-altitude resorts. It stands on a great rounded slope facing south into the sun. The Hotel Blanche-Neige serves superb food and has every comfort, Le Vieux Logis is modest but good.

Finally the Hotel Mayt at St. Marie-de-Vars in the Hautes-Alpes is a charming and completely modern hotel.

As a matter of interest it is possible now to take an interchangeable ticket between Nice and the resorts in the Basses-Alpes. Thus one can spend a week in Nice and a week skiing (or even a weekend) in the Alps and ten days in Nice and so on. Only certain hotels are on the interchangeable list; information from the French Government Tourist Office, Piccadilly, London, S.W.1 and French Railways Ltd., 179 Piccadilly.

For the young and energetic who can take it fairly rough, Union Nationale des Centres de Montagne, 43 rue Raffet, Paris, 16, offers holidays from 700 francs per day including skiing instruction in the famous French method used by so many champion skiers. Write for information enclosing 8d. postage coupon for reply.

Across the border in Italy, Sestrière claims to be the best equipped winter resort in Europe. It is certainly the most fashionable.

The buildings on the picture in this page which have the appearance of a gas-works, are in fact the hotels Duchi d'Aosta (where a double-room with private bath costs 4,200 lire per day) and the Hotel Torre which is about 2,400 lire for a double room without bath. A double room is always cheaper than a single anywhere on the Continent.

Near to the north east Cortina in the Dolomites is a delightful resort with all types of hotels including the cheerful family-chalet type. The Hotel Croce Bianca may be recommended and in the smaller but charming resort in the Gardena Valley, Selva, the Albergo Osvaldo is very good and very gay. With an exchange of (approximately) 1,700 lire to the £1, Italy is rather cheaper than France.

Austria, besides the popular and chic Kitzbühel, has many small and romantic village resorts. Nauders is situated on the borderlines of three countries, Austria, Italy and Switzerland. The district boasts of its freedom from avalanches.

The Hotel-Pension Margaretha Maultasch is simple, gay and excellent value at something near £1 a day all in. The Hotel Löwen at Serfaus in the Tyrol is also cheap and good. Zurs is, perhaps, for more serious skiers; the Hotel Alpenrose is excellent and reasonable.

Then there is Norway, the home of the ski and easily reached by plane (full information from Scandinavian Airlines System, 5 Conduit Street, London, W.1), or by the Bergen Steamship Company's popular ship the Venus running between Newcastle and Bergen or the Fred Olsen Line from Newcastle to Oslo.

The mountain hotels in Norway are excellent and relatively cheap; remember, too, that the travel allowance for Scandinavia is £250.

The Danish and Norwegian kroner is worth (approximately) 1s. and the Swedish kroner (approximately) 1s. 4d. One of the most popular hotels is the Golaa, where all-in charges are between 24 and 30 kroner per day, plus ten per cent service charge. The Gausdal Mountain Hotel is also excellent and the Winge Hotel at Tretten has a swimming pool amongst other attractions and a "weasel car" to take guests to the higher ski slopes.

Some hotels have reindeer-drawn sledges, which children find fascinating, to take ski-gear to nearby slopes. Norwegian State Railways Travel Bureau (21 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1) will give further information.

Sweden has excellent skiing snow, rather earlier than Norway and equally good hotels. The principal ski-ing district is around Are, and there are also interesting places in Smaland. In the last-named district there are some old residences and castles which have recently been turned into guest-houses. One of these is Hooks Herrgaard in Smaland which is easily reached from either Stockholm or Malmö. All-in charges are between 30s. and £2 per day. Also in Smaland are Toftaholm pr. Vittaryd and Annebergs-Gaarden where all in charges are about £1 per day.

One of the most popular cities in Europe, Copenhagen, has good ski-ing most winters in the wooded districts nearby. Skiers drive out in sledges or go up to Elsinore where there is a very gay hotel, the Marienlyst, which has a casino and an international clientèle. All-in terms are between two and three pounds per day.

Yugoslavia, where the ski is regarded as the normal form of winter transport, has much to offer the real enthusiast. Planica, where the world record leap of over 100 metres was made, is high up in the beautiful Julian Alps. Pokljuka, another well known resort, has even more extensive ski slopes and provides for the amateur as well as the professional. Charges in Yugoslavia are very reasonable, and the Yugoslav National Tourist Office (143 Regent St., W.1.) will give you all information.

Switzerland is well known as the country which first put winter sports on the map and here almost every town and village from the celebrated St. Moritz to the less sophisticated Klosters is given over to ski-ing from Christmas onwards. But wherever you choose, the sunny travels through snowland offer a stimulating and healthy break in the English winter.

END

Men Have Made Me (*Continued from page 11*)

business, I can only give that old and very unglamorous recipe "Hard Work."

I am sometimes asked why it is that there are comparatively so few women in high executive jobs. Do women want business success enough to battle for it? That is the question! Nine out of ten business women admit that, given the choice, they would prefer happy married lives to a successful business career. Some few are fortunate enough to have both, and personally, I never cease to be grateful for my own husband and happy home.

But even if women *are* ready to dedicate themselves to running a business, they seldom have the capital to start. It is quite usual in the United States for an industrialist to leave his business to a daughter; but it seldom enters the head of an Englishman that if he has no heir a daughter will carry on his business. The business is sold and the head of it retires, so it is seldom a woman has the capital to start up in business on her own or indeed to take over a business of any size. She must work up from scratch.

It could be that because women have such a hard climb to get to the top that they throw themselves so much into their jobs, indeed rather too much, according to some men. Successful career women seldom relax. In fact, many lose the habit of playing. How rare it is to hear that a woman executive has taken the afternoon off to play golf, yet her male colleagues do it. Luckily, I had four directors all golfers. They always took me with them because I had more strokes and a handicap of 12, and it became a toss up for the privilege of partnering me. Sometimes I think life resembles a game of golf. It is not the hazards on the way but the score at the end of the game that counts.

It is a good thing to understand one's male colleagues outside the office as well as in. A woman can be a senior partner, a good golf partner and still retain her femininity. Personally, I have never worn "working clothes." I wear my best clothes for business. Many a time I have clambered around the factory in my most expensive suit. I solve the problem of shopping for clothes in my busy working-life by buying twice a year; every six months I buy the suit, dress or coat that I require. I spend as much as I can afford, choose the best material and the best cut available. They are expensive but they wear for years and I feel right on every occasion. For the rest of the year I never think of clothes or go near a shop. But, of course, although this suits me other women might not find it so practical.

The other day an old shepherd on my farm reminded me of something that no woman—or man—however successful can afford to forget. "Can I come with you?" I asked him as he set off. The old man nodded, "You can come with me, but if yer cam with me over fowty years then you'll know nowt." I may be a successful business woman but I know the old shepherd to be right. We never cease to learn!

END

Jardinières (*Continued from page 16*)

complete the cutting out. The rough sawn edge can be smoothed with sandpaper.

A broomstick cut in half, with the tops rounded off will make the two uprights. Fit one into each of the outside holes and measure the distance between them; ¼ in. added to this will give you the length of the trough.

Having got the length, make the trough 5 in. wide. Use 1½ in. by ½ in. sections to make the framework and secure the corners with small nails. The bottom made from a piece of ¼-in. plywood is fixed with ½-in. screws, keeping the edge of the plywood flush with the outside of the frame.

Measuring 5 in. from the top, cut a recess ⅛ in. deep in each upright to take the trough (the 5-in. mark to be level with the bottom) and screw the trough to the uprights.

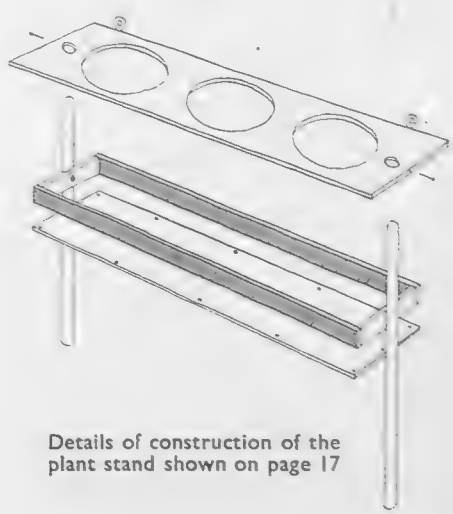
Slide on the top and fix it 3½ in. above the trough bottom with a panel pin going through the edge into the upright (see diagram).

It is a good plan to paint the various parts before assembling. A pleasant scheme would be to have the trough white, the uprights black and the top painted a really vivid red.

Finally, fasten two glass plates on the back edge of the top and fix the stand to a wall as near to a window as possible.

Put saucers, small dishes or even brightly painted tin lids into the trough to take care of plant drainage.

END



Details of construction of the plant stand shown on page 17

January Reading (*Continued from page 35*)

forthright biography of a prodigy who was also painter, poet, soldier, inventor, by fellow-Canadians Sydney Gordon and Ted Allen. Not merely a medical story but one of inspiring adventure for the general reader.

Adventure—on the roads and fairgrounds with a Fagin-like hurdy-gurdy man—was the lot of the author of **"A Cornish Waif's Story"** (Odhams, 12s. 6d.), introduced by A. L. Rowse, whose *A Cornish Childhood* induced her to send him the script, which gripped and fascinated him as a human document of raw life. At five this unwanted lovechild was handed over to an organ-grinder tramp by her mother, to suffer poverty and squalor in Plymouth slums and beg her way through the West Country, eventually running away and finding solace in a Convent penitentiary, then home and children in a happy marriage. All this and hell, too, in the holiday-land of sunshine, blue seas and clotted cream! A simple, deeply affecting book.

How different the lilies and languors, the wilfully wrought tragi-comedy in Lewis Broad's **"The Friendships And Follies Of Oscar Wilde"** (Hutchinson, 15s.). He calls Wilde's life story a folk tale, a classic Greek drama, and sets out to remove some of the misconceptions, the odium, linked with his genius. But to me it is not the story of an illustrious career ruined by "one insolent act of folly." Much of his writing foredoomed him, apart from his acts. What were his "brilliant" paradoxes but verbal perversions, the mental counterpart of the physical? Do they not begin to sound as hollow as the rattling of peas in a jester's bladder? Is it not often the fate of the abnormal to think itself supernormal and find itself subnormal? One could argue for ever about the Wilde enigma, posed anew in this well-written centenary biography.

Skin-diving was pioneered on the *Côte d'Azur*. The waters around Nice Pierre de Latil considers well suited for the study of marine life. Accordingly, he has consulted a score of fish-hunters and divers in that region about their discoveries, and claims that **"The Underwater Naturalist"** (Jarrolds, 16s.) is the first survey to take into account observations made through the new-style goggles. They disclose new and absorbing facts about sundry creatures, from blennies and gobies to sting-rays and groupers, in a fascinating subworld we have only begun to explore.

The patience and persistence of some novelists amaze me. Clemence Dane was eleven years developing **"The Flower Girls"** (Michael Joseph, 21s.) in her mind, seven writing it, and I wish I had seven weeks to devote to its 790 pages, preferably in bed on some idyllic island for it is a tale to live with, not just to scan. Lovers of *Broome Stages* won't need to be told of the teeming life and character she packs into this saga of a U.S. film star who comes to London in 1946 to contact his English father's relatives and gets caught up in a theatrical crazy gang. This is a romance in the grand manner, warts and all, take it or leave it. I'll take it gladly, but I must have those seven weeks. *P.S.* As overweight she has also done the masterly wrapper design. What a woman!

Hilda Vaughan is a miniaturist by contrast; her world, a cloistered abbey town with a college classics master who only wanted a stepmother for his children, married to an ardent young woman who is in love with a novelist and ready to run off with him. Disillusionment inevitably awaits one who can see in him "the Prince in every fairy tale she had known as a child, the hero of every romance she had read herself into as a girl." How that awakening makes, not breaks, her is Miss Vaughan's concern in a character novel for the fastidious, sensitively, intuitively written: **"The Candle And The Light"** (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.).

Bella Ford in H. E. Bates's **"The Feast Of July"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) has also to regain a faith in living, for she is with child, tramping the Midlands seeking the lover who betrayed her. She finds refuge with a shoemaker's family, recompense with one of the three sons—until the old lover turns up to precipitate tragedy. Character, situation may not wholly convince, but the writing compels, the preoccupation with physical passion gives vigour to the story.

Those Cumbrian fells were made for ghostly hauntings, so I am all on edge for developments when Dr. Shelley, geologist on holiday, tells of seeing a lovely young woman and a girl enter the lonely farmhouse of Martin Herriot, ex-London art dealer, who says, "No, no one came." They were the ghosts of Helga, whom he once dearly loved, as woman and child. The outcome, in Ernest Raymond's **"The Nameless Places"** (Cassell, 12s. 6d.), is the story of his passion for wealth, success in the art-world racket and for the East End backstreet girl, whose beauty also stirred his greed. Fell-walkers particularly will thank Mr. Raymond for endowing with drama the scenes they love.

An Irish village is the setting of Walter Macken's **"Sunset On The Window-Panes"** (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.). No mere playboy of the western world is young Bart, but a headstrong lad who, unwittingly, brings trouble to others, including a half-brother who wanted to be a priest, has a vision of the Blessed Virgin, and provokes a riot when the "sign" he promises the crowd is not forthcoming. An excellent story of Irish rural life.

Showell Styles's **"The Frigate Captain"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.) is the Lord Cochrane of history who took a Spanish frigate, adventured in Spain against the French, occupied Ford Trinidad, was tried and fined £1,000 for alleged conspiracy, and later commanded the Chilean navy to fight Spanish aggression. Hornblower addicts will enjoy this fine sea story.

Another good sea novel—Chesley Wilson's **"Swing Full Circle"** (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.)—concerns the stirring adventures of a U.S. skipper on 1946 World Relief in China Water Transport. He has on board a secret arms cargo and something almost as dangerous—a vampish Asia-born Russian pickup from Tsingtao!

Daniele Varè's **"Novels Of Yen-Ching"** (Methuen, 15s.) is a remarkably cheap 648 page omnibus reissue of his exquisite Pekin romances, *The Maker Of Heavenly Trousers, The Gate Of Happy Sparrows, The Temple Of Costly Experience*: souvenirs of "a world and a mentality that have passed away" and are therefore all the more cherishable.

Four novels of Thornton Wilder have been republished in a uniform edition by Longmans at 9s. 6d. each—**"The Ides Of March," "The Cabala," "The Woman Of Andros," "The Bridge Of San Luis Rey."** Christian Dior is **"Talking About Fashion"** to Elie Rabourdin and Alice Chavane in a book published by Hutchinson at 8s. 6d. **"Hand-Weaving"** by Harriette J. Brown (Faber, 21s.) is a complete introduction to the art of two-shaft weaving. **"Pori Tupu,"** by Oskar Koenig (Michael Joseph, 18s.), contains many fascinating and exciting stories of the African bush. Col. K. P. Mackenzie tells his story as a Medical Officer in wartime captivity in **"Operation Rangoon Jail"** (Johnson, 15s.). Another doctor, Mr. R. Scott Stevenson, writes his memoirs in **"Goodbye Harley Street"** (Johnson, 15s.). **"The Journal Of Katherine Mansfield 1904-1922"** (Constable, 30s.) appears in a new and definitive edition, edited by J. Middleton Murry. **"Oriental Blue And White,"** by Sir Harry Garner (Faber, 30s.), describes the story of the painting of blue designs on white porcelain.

Books to add to your list:

"Many Are The Travellers," by William Brown Meloney (W. H. Allen, 15s.). **"The Phoenix And The Laurel,"** by Jane Lane (Hale, 10s. 6d.). **"Return In August,"** by Phil Stong (Barker, 10s. 6d.). **"The Clock Ticks,"** by Claude Houghton (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). **"No Tears For Yesterday,"** by Yvonne Seager (Cassell, 10s. 6d.). **"How Dear Is Life,"** by Henry Williamson (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.). **"The Spanish Bridegroom,"** by Jean Plaidy (Hale, 10s. 6d.). **"The Captain's Table,"** by Richard Gordon (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.).

END

It's All A Beautiful Dream (*Continued from page 12*)

The incredulous gratitude of a "treasure" rescued from her burrow and installed in the flat itself, her astonishment at the privilege of access to a bathroom, is a revelation of the Parisian norm. How do they put up with it? From habit, one is assured; all over Paris, all over France, in attics and cellars, whole families are being brought up in single rooms with a cold-water tap on the landing if they are lucky—and about sanitation it is better not to ask.

Or, come to that, to be able to buy those beautifully handworked blouses and night-dresses, those exquisite hand-made shoes, displayed along the rue du Faubourg St. Honoré and elsewhere? Lovely things, and expensive, too, but dirt cheap, inhumanly cheap, in terms of the hours of patient craftsmanship that have gone into them.

But France is France and Paris is Paris, and the analogy must not be carried too far. Looking at matters in a hard, cold, economic light one recognizes, of course, that by comparison with England, France is a poor country and in poor countries most people live poorly. But it is not the hard, cold, economic facts which are for the moment relevant: The question is whether, despite all well-founded grievances, despite nostalgic recollections and distant hearsay of the days before the war, any normally imaginative Englishwoman would welcome a full-scale setting back of the clock.

And the answer lies in the word "Full-scale." Most would say "Let us have the best of the prewar world again and discard the bad." But the French seem constitutionally unable to do that: they have dragged back the past full-scale—good and evil inextricably mixed. "Madame will have the kindness to tell me what she wishes for lunch?" (And what a lunch it will be. I thought I was a pretty good cook, but one lives and learns). It would be asking too much of human nature that one should not, next year or the year after, recall this interlude I am enjoying with a certain regret.

If certain clocks could be judiciously put back a certain distance . . . ! All the same the magical interlude here in Paris will have provided a lesson as well as a holiday. Here and there—in dark basement or freezing attic, in the contrast between gleaming American cars on the boulevards and the broken boots of the old blind man tapping along the pavement—is the price of France's return to the old days.

Seen at close quarters, unsoftened by nostalgic mists, they look less attractive than they did; a consoling thought for the long years of potato peeling, not to mention cheese-paring, which stretch beyond the day of return to the present.

END

The Opera à la Carte

(*Continued from page 37*)

dreary pessimist." Before any changes can be made, permission has to be obtained from the D'Oyly Carte trustees; but the public is an even more watchful guardian. If a singer so much as forgets a line, there will be half a dozen angry letters on the manager's desk next morning.

THE D'Oyly Carte Company is not like other theatrical companies. One of this year's recruits to the chorus remarked in a puzzled way: "People seem less ambitious here, and they're nothing like so catty." The management holds auditions in every town the company visits and a list is kept of promising applicants, but vacancies are few and far between.

Many a young singer has joined the company to get a little stage experience and somehow found himself still there thirty years later. There are said to have been times when the oldest and heaviest members have been kept in the wings until after the opening chorus of *Iolanthe*:

"We are dainty little fairies,
Ever singing, ever dancing . . ."

When a company spends year after year working together and touring together, it begins to feel like a family. Even Christmas is spent together; this year at Stratford, where there will be the annual D'Oyly Carte party. Marriages between members of the company are not unusual. Most Gilbert and Sullivan fans will remember the happy married partnership of Leslie Rand and Marjorie Eyre; of the late, loved Darrell Fancourt and Eleanor Evans, who started as the second chorus lady from the left and ended up as the producer.

Not so many people know that the doyen of the company, conductor Isadore Godfrey, has long been married to contralto Ann Drummond-Grant. Last August, the leading comedian, Peter Pratt, married the *soubrette*, Joyce Wright; an event which he wryly says seems to have passed unnoticed.

It's a hard-working family, though, drilled with a discipline handed down from the first rehearsals conducted by that martinet, W. S. Gilbert. His tongue was as sharp as his wit. When a certain singer, elated by the demand for encores, asked if he could have a new verse written for him, Gilbert snapped back: "Encores means sing it again!" Once in New York he met an American lady, who observed: "I do so admire Mr. Bach's music." (She pronounced it Bayche.) "Can you tell me if he is now composing?" "No, madam," replied Gilbert. "He is decomposing."

If you had visited Gilbert's house near Uxbridge, you would have been surprised to find his tennis court considerably longer than the rules allow. Gilbert was a very hard hitter and found it difficult to keep the balls inside a normal court; so he adopted the Gilbertian expedient of extending the court to suit his style.

EVEN in the D'Oyly Carte Company the passing years do take their toll. "Eventually," says the manager, "the older ladies of the chorus are like tired animals who know their time has come." Peter Pratt has now succeeded Martyn Green. Donald Adams takes over the bass parts which Darrell Fancourt sang for thirty-three years until a few weeks before his death. Pratt is still feeling his way into the parts, but already people are saying that he has modelled himself on Henry Lytton, perhaps the best loved of all his predecessors.

This, he points out, is unlikely, since he was only a few years old when Lytton died. "It's just a case of great minds thinking alike," he says. "The important thing in Gilbert and Sullivan is to get the audience used to you." But he has the authentic catch in the voice, the dry humour and the pathos, and a shrewd observation of character which he attributes to his hobby of sketching.

This year *Princess Ida* is back in the repetoire, for the first time since the set and costumes were destroyed in the blitz. The production is new, and the old opera seems to have lost nothing by being "rested." One hopes there will not be a revival of the pre-war incident when one of King Gama's sons sang so lustily that he blew his false teeth out and just managed to catch them at arm's length!

Richard D'Oyly Carte's grand-daughter, Bridget, is now in charge, and she keeps a close watch on all the company's affairs. She often attends rehearsals and watched almost every performance during the London season. She knows the real crisis will come in seven year's time, when the copyright of Gilbert's work expires and any ambitious impressario will be free to produce *The Mikado On Ice*. She hopes that the public will remain faithful and the genuine article triumph over here, as it has triumphed in America, in spite of its notorious rival, known as "the hot Mikado."

THE name of D'Oyly Carte will always be coupled with those of Gilbert and Sullivan. Not only did Richard D'Oyly Carte first see the possibilities of the partnership, but he managed to keep his two difficult gentlemen together, on and off, for twenty years. His wife, Helen, took over much of the business. Her master-stroke was arranging Oscar Wilde's visit to America, just before the first American tour of *Patience*.

Gilbert, Sullivan and Carte between them created a corner of London curiously dedicated to their memory. The gleaming front of the Savoy Hotel today may not look much like the hotel which Carte built from the profits of *The Mikado* and equipped with the first hydraulic lifts in London: but the names of the private rooms are familiar—Gondoliers, Mikado, Pinafore, Patience, Ida, Sorcerer—and if you walk through to the Embankment Gardens, you will find a bust of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and carved beneath it some lines from *The Yeomen*:

"Is life a boon?
If so, it must befal
That Death, whene'er he call,
Must call too soon."

It is hard to recognize in the modern Savoy Theatre the house which Carte boldly fitted with electric light, to the intense alarm of his patrons. But once the curtain rises, the years drop away. The operas are still there, unchanged, an elusive, exasperating, wholly enchanting echo of the long Victorian afternoon.

END

Sea-foods

(*Continued from page 41*)

of butter, adding a flat dessertspoon of cornflour, stirring over heat until it froths, then gradually adding ¼ pint milk. Stir till it thickens, then slowly add ¼ pint tomato juice and two tablespoons sherry. Clean a dozen oysters and add them, juice and all, to the prepared sauce. Cook for no more than five minutes, or while you are draining the pimento or aubergine cases. Pile the oyster mixture into them, sprinkle with minced parsley or chives and serve very hot.

Oyster and Chicken Pie needs the following ingredients.

½ lb. diced cooked chicken; ½ dozen oysters; 1 hard-boiled egg; 3 large sticks chopped celery; 2 tablespoons butter; 2 tablespoons flour; 1 cup well-seasoned chicken broth; seasoning; short pastry.

Make a sauce of the butter, flour and broth, seasoning well. Butter a deep pie dish, place layers of diced chicken, oysters, sliced egg, and chopped celery in the dish, and cover with the prepared sauce. Top with a pastry crust, brushing it over with egg yolk. Cook in a very hot oven for fifteen minutes, or until the pastry is golden. Serve hot.

Angels on Horseback is simple and good to eat. Dry each oyster thoroughly, then wrap in a small slice of streaky bacon, fastening with a small wooden skewer. Fry very quickly in a hot pan. Place two on each square of hot buttered toast, and pour the liquid from the pan over them before serving.

Moules Mariniere. Make a *court-bouillon* as follows:

Equal parts of white wine and water; 1 onion; 1 carrot; 2 sticks celery; 1 clove garlic; salt and pepper; 6 crushed peppercorns; 1 clove; 1 bayleaf; 2 tablespoons vinegar; 2 sprigs parsley (leaf and stem).

Put the water, wine and vinegar to boil, then add herbs, spices, sliced vegetables and seasoning. Cook gently for one hour (this *court-bouillon* may be prepared the day before, if preferred). Heat before adding the mussels, in their shells, cover the pan and cook, shaking occasionally, until the shells open. Then remove the mussels from the sauce, take half a shell off each, leaving them in their half-shells. Put the mussels into their serving-dish, pour the hot sauce over and serve at once, sprinkling with chopped parsley and a little grated onion.

For *Moules Poulette* you use the same sauce, but, keeping the mussels hot in one dish, you thicken the sauce with egg yolks before pouring it over them.

LOBSTER THERMIDOR

One small lobster per person; 2 tablespoons butter; a little minced onion; ¼ cup white wine; ½ lb. chopped mushrooms; 1 tablespoon tomato purée; ½ pint good white sauce; a little grated cheese.

Split the lobsters in half, pick out the meat and dice, including tail parts, coral and claws. Heat the butter, add onion, lobster and wine. Cook for five minutes, stirring, then add mushrooms and tomato. Cook another five minutes, then place mixture back into the lobster shells, pour over enough sauce to fill the shells and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in a quick oven until the mixture bubbles. Place under hot grill to brown the cheese and serve at once.

END

Pride And Prejudice

(*Continued from page 48*)

"I can no longer help thanking you on behalf of my family," she said, "for your unexampled kindness to my poor sister. Lydia's thoughtlessness betrayed to me that you had been concerned in the matter."

"If you will thank me," he replied, "let it be for yourself alone. Your family owe me nothing. I thought only of you."

Elizabeth was too much embarrassed to say a word. After a short pause, he added: "You are too generous to trifle with me. If your feelings are still what they were last April, tell me so. My affections are unchanged."

Elizabeth "immediately, though not fluently, gave him to understand that her sentiments had undergone so material a change as to make her receive with gratitude and pleasure his present assurances. The happiness which this reply produced was such as he had probably never felt before." His aunt's interference had, he assured Elizabeth, "been exactly contrariwise" to her ladyship's hopes.

That night, Elizabeth opened her heart to Jane. "Engaged to Mr. Darcy," her sister cried in astonishment. "I know it to be impossible." "Yes, indeed, I am in earnest," Elizabeth reassured her. "We are to be the happiest couple in the world!"

Darcy had conquered his pride, Elizabeth her prejudice.

END

The Truth About Hypnotic Healing

(*Continued from page 49*)

hypnosis. The patient sits in a comfortable armchair, in as complete a state of relaxation as possible and is assured that, although the doctor's suggestions will eventually take effect, she will at no time be unable to hear him or speak to him and, if necessary, ask him to wake her up or to waken herself. With this assurance, the patient is in a suitable frame of mind for his repeated suggestions that she will gradually go into a "deep, sound sleep." She is told—repeatedly—that her eyes will become heavy and she will not be able to open them. In a little while, the patient begins to feel lethargic and her eyes close. The doctor again repeats the statement that she will shortly be unable to open her eyes until he tells her to.

At this stage, although feeling relaxed and "lazy," the patient invariably insists that she is not in the trance state, so the doctor says: "Then try to open your eyes." The eyelids are tightly closed and—to the immense surprise of the patient, who experiences a feeling of "wide awakeness"—remain so until the doctor tells her that when he has counted up to five, she will be able to open them again. It is in this light or medium trance state that the necessary suggestions are made that the patient's symptoms will disappear, or that she will thereafter pursue a course of action, as outlined by the doctor, which will be beneficial to herself.

IN this way, hypnosis can be of tremendous interest and value in the field of obstetrics. Dr. A. Philip Magonet, President of the Medical Hypnosis Association, writes in his book *Hypnosis In Medicine*:

"Fear of labour has come down through the ages. We all agree that every woman knows about the pains, expects them and fears them, so the first essential is the education of the mother in the facts of natural childbirth. While it is difficult to persuade a woman that her labour need not be painful, she is easily convinced under hypnosis. When a patient comes for antenatal care, she is given reassurance and taught facts about the mechanism of childbirth.

"She is told that when her labour begins she will feel contractions or 'feelings' in her abdomen and that they will be painless. If they come on during the day, she will immediately go into a hypnotic trance, even with her eyes open; she will feel mentally lethargic and her skin will be numb to touch. Should contractions begin in the night during sleep, they will be painless; she will not wake.

"As the patient lies on the couch, each visit becomes a dress-rehearsal for the real event. She is told that she will not have to do anything until she feels that she has to push the baby out. As the fear element is removed, contractions during the first stage go on painlessly. During the second stage, as the patient feels strong and fresh, she makes good use of her abdominal muscles during the contractions, which are painless, and the second stage is soon over."

Hypnosis is used successfully in a variety of complaints and illnesses, including serious indigestion, cardiospasm, menstrual troubles, bronchial asthma and hay fever, eczema and dermatitis, stuttering, insomnia, neurasthenia, kleptomania, dipsomania and many others—including smoking! It has been used with tremendous effect in curing eneuresis, or bed-wetting in children and, possibly more important, in curing asthma in children and thus saving them from a lifetime of misery.

On that subject, Dr. Magonet writes: "In children, asthma may be caused by the parents' over-protection or lack of security. It may start when a first child is put out of the spotlight by the arrival of a second. Jealousy over the newcomer may persist for a long time. Excitement over parties, holidays, even play, is enough to start off an asthma spasm. Worry about school, teachers, exams, have all played their part. The treatment under hypnosis is to root out these problems from the conscious mind and to suggest to the subconscious mind that it will not happen again.

"What I know of allergy tests I have learned from questioning patients who have been tested. One of my patients, a girl of twenty, was allergic to chocolates and knitting wool, while a boy of fifteen was sensitive to onions and plums. With reassurance under hypnosis, they now both eat their so-called allergic foods with complete immunity to asthma."

Recent television demonstrations and an increasing public interest in the subject are bringing medical hypnosis into focus as never before. Wider interest means wider understanding, and wider understanding means the removal of the age-old fear which has kept hypnotism, until now, as very much the little sister in the war against ill-health.

END

The Artist And The Queen's Portrait

(*Continued from page 54*)

whitewashed studio clouds scudded past in an autumn sky: "I love English skies," he said. "In Florence, the light is sometimes too fierce." I thought of the Constable and Turner skies and then of the lesser painters who are drawn to Italy to find "worthy" subjects for painting.

We looked at photographs of his house outside Florence and groups of Anna, his wife, and their six-year-old Maria Ricciarda and fifteen-year-old Benedetto.

"For his age," said Annigoni, "Benedetto writes extremely well. He *may* be a great writer." He used the conditional tense, but I knew that he was thinking of his own father who, when Pietro was six had said: "You will be a great artist." Grandfather Annigoni was not too biased.

"I like to work to a routine. I start to paint at ten in the morning and work through the day." For this reason he finds it easier to follow the routine by working away from home and his studio in Florence is in a beautiful palazzo in the oldest part of the city.

"I was at the Academy in Florence myself in my youth," he said, "but I learned that I must unlearn what they had taught me there." There was the rebel speaking.

"My working week often includes Sundays," he says wryly and when I asked if inspiration can be called upon for such long periods he said: "Durer did not wait for inspiration to paint his rabbit!" Art to Annigoni is not a wayward spark of genius, but endless labour.

When we met he had been to the Palace for the first sitting of the Queen's portrait. There were at least fourteen more to come within the space of two months. He is an ardent Royalist and it was clear to me that this man who has already a formidable list of great names as sitters to boast of was deeply moved by the honour which came to him with the commission for the Royal portrait.

The English language does not come easily to Annigoni and under the stress of describing his first sitting at the Palace it entirely left him and he lapsed into French. "*L'atmosphere de gentillesse vraiment Royale,*" he said, and by his expression I knew that our "very Royal lady," had made a deep impression.

"We chose a room for the sittings in the front of the Palace overlooking The Mall because this was the nearest approach to a north light that could be found. Her Majesty chose to wear the Garter Robes because they have less tendency to "date.'"

At this early stage he was making drawings for the picture and Annigoni knew as little as I what form or aspect the portrait would take when his study of the sitter was complete and the picture would come out of the recesses of his mind to take shape on canvas.

There is promise in Pietro Annigoni's mysterious sense of beauty, his fundamental originality, and a remarkable eye for character, of a portrait of outstanding interest of our Queen.

The self portrait appears in "Pietro Annigoni" by Charles Richard Cammell, published by Baisford.

END

Time For Knitting

(*Continued from page 43*)

tog., * k. 7, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 7, w.fd., k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to end, k. 7, k. 2 tog., w.fd. k. 6.

29th row.—K. 6, w.fd., k. 2 tog., * k. 5, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 9, w.fd., k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to end, k. 5, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 7.

31st row.—K. 7, w.fd., k. 2 tog., * k. 3, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 11, w.fd., k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to end, k. 3, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 8.

33rd row.—K. 8, w.fd., k. 2 tog., * k. 1, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 13, w.fd., k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to end; k. 1, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 9.

35th row.—K. 9, * w.fd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fd., k. 15; rep. from * to end, w.fd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fd., k. 10.

36th row.—P.

This completes the patt.; rep. from 1st row to 36th row once more. Now work 1st 2 rows of patt. again. End p. row.

TO SHAPE SLEEVE

Continue patt. and inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of next 4 k. rows (156 sts.). P. next row. Now cast on 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (172 sts.). Work extra sts. in patt. as they occur. Continue in patt. on these sts. until there are 3 complete diamond patts.—end p. row (110 rows). Now work in st.st. until sleeve edge measures 7 ins. (152 rows). End p. row.

Shape Shoulder.—Cast off 13 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off remainder.

THE FRONT

Work as for back.

THE CUFFS

With No. 14 needles, cast on 178 sts. and work in rib as for ribbing for 18 rows. Cast off in rib loosely on wrong side. Work another to match.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece on wrong side lightly, under a damp cloth, with a warm iron. Press ribbing very lightly. With right sides facing, sew up shoulder seams for about 6½ ins. from sleeve edges and side seams.

THE COLLAR

With No. 14 needles and right side of work facing, pick up 118 sts. along one side of neck edge and work 8 rows in rib. Cast off in rib on wrong side. Rep. on other side. Sew side edges tog. on wrong side and press lightly. Sew cuffs to sleeve edges and turn back and press.

END

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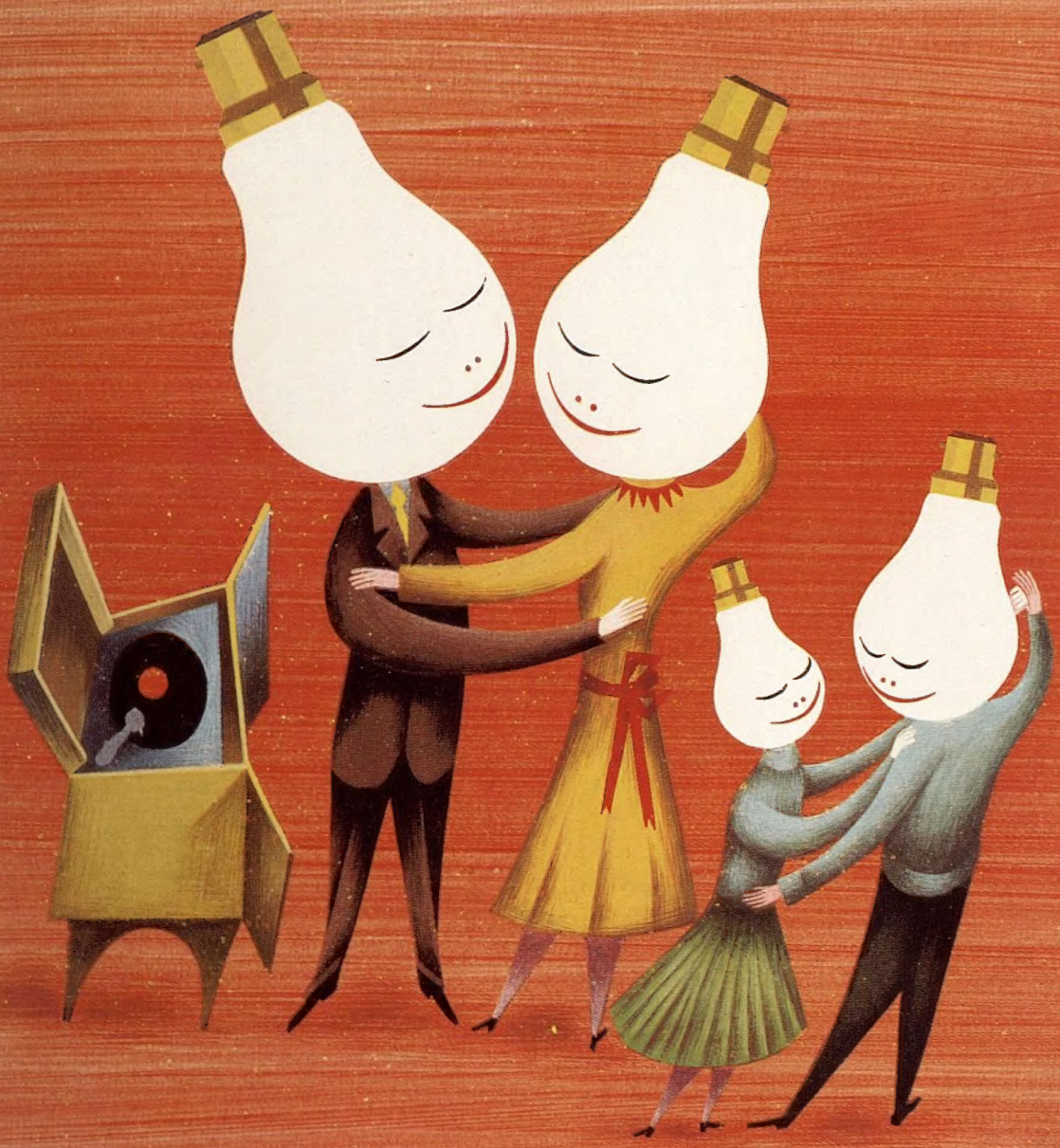

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